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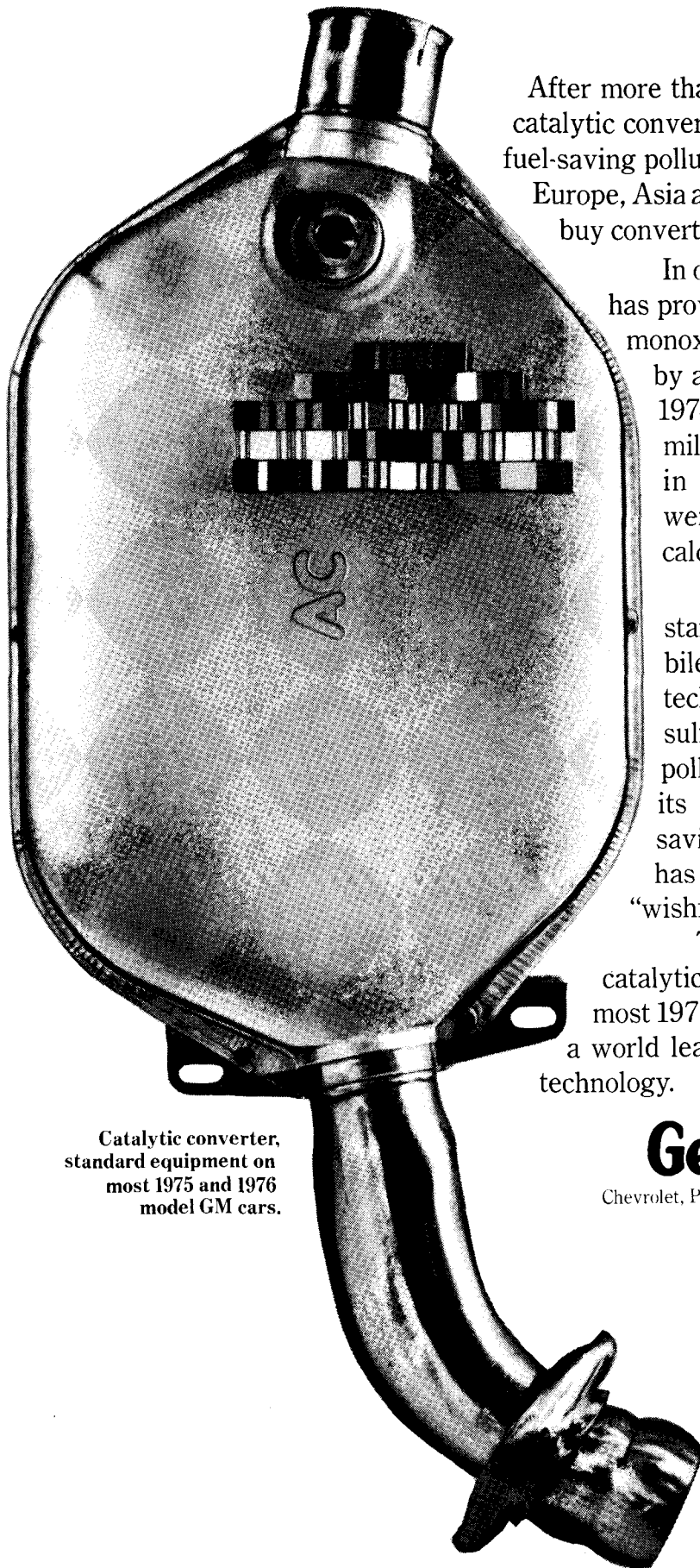
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The Atlantic Monthly Company

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Advertising: Harper-Atlantic Sales, Inc., 420
Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Tel. 212-
686-1234. Other offices in Boston, Philadelphia,
Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles.

The Atlantic, August 1975, Vol. 236, No. 2.
Published monthly by the Atlantic Monthly Company,
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116. Second class
postage paid at Boston, Mass. and other offices.
Postage paid at Montreal, port payé à Montréal.
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REPORTS & COMMENT

TAIWAN

After the fall of Cambodia and South Vietnam and the death of Chiang Kai-shek, the 16 million people in the Republic of China seem to have no choice but to sink or swim. Hard reality dictates that they must either strike out in the direction of an independent Taiwan or else slip into political oblivion and eventual take-over by the People's Republic of China.

Until now Taiwan's leaders have refused to see it that way. Instead they have been treading water since the tidal wave of Henry Kissinger's celebrated mission to Peking swept them out of the United Nations in 1971. The announcement of President Ford's forthcoming trip to Peking provoked widespread fear in Taipei that diplomatic relations with Washington would end, thereby terminating the 1954 mutual security treaty. Still there was no change in the posture that Taiwan adopted twenty-five years ago.

"Mainlanders"

The uniquely violent thunder and lightning that swept over the island the night of Chiang's death marked more than the end of his forty-seven years as self-styled successor to Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Republic. It also terminated a political epoch, and suddenly long-suppressed fears poured forth from all sides as both native Taiwanese and the Chinese-born asked, "What will happen to us when America abandons Taiwan?"

In one sense this anxiety was somewhat paradoxical. The only

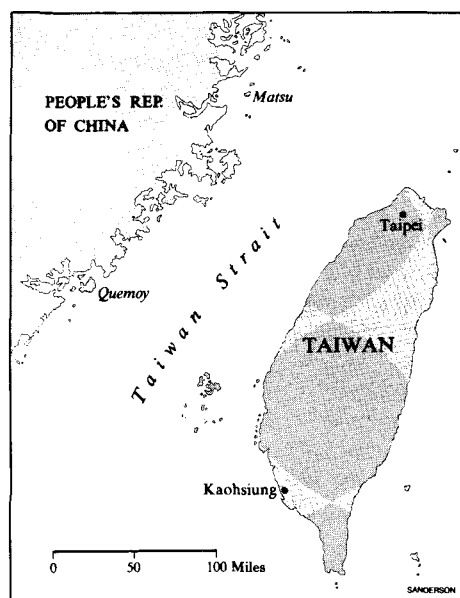
threat facing the regime since President Truman interposed the U.S. Seventh Fleet in the Taiwan Strait on June 27, 1950, has been rebellion from within, not attack from without. The exiled mainlanders brutally suppressed the indigenous political elite and massacred thousands of Taiwanese in 1947. This oppression left bitter hatred among the populace for the newly arrived mainlanders. Then, with the arrival of Chiang's routed regime in 1949, came martial law and police-state methods. The next decade was one of grim austerity, endless "return to the mainland" propaganda, and sullen tension between "mainlander" and Taiwanese.

However, spectacular improvement in the economy brought a relaxation of political repression. By 1972, Taiwan could take the Nixon-Mao handshake in stride. Foreign trade and investment ex-

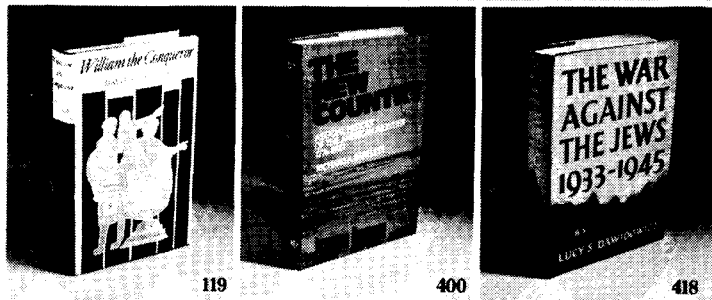
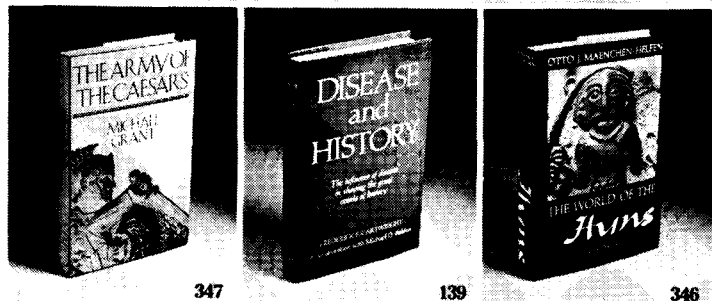
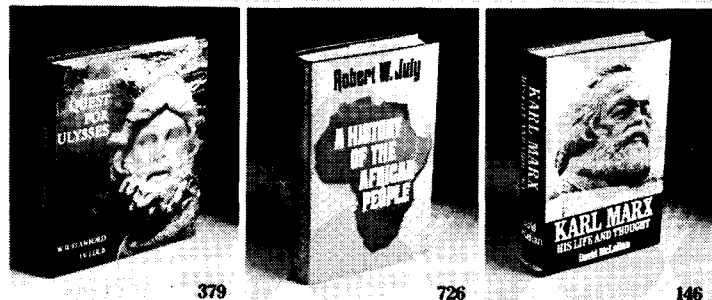
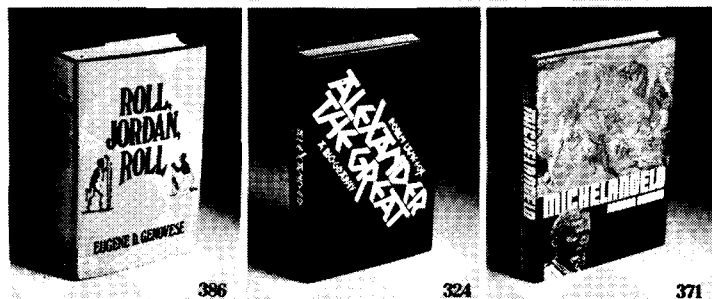
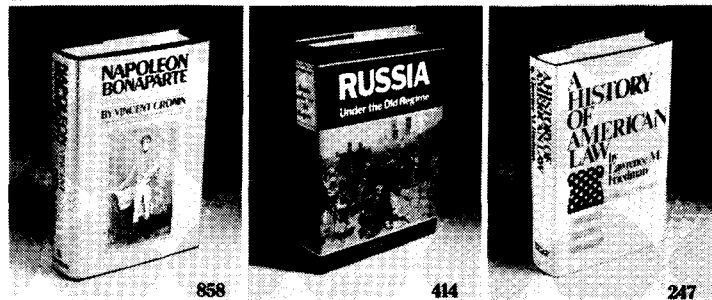
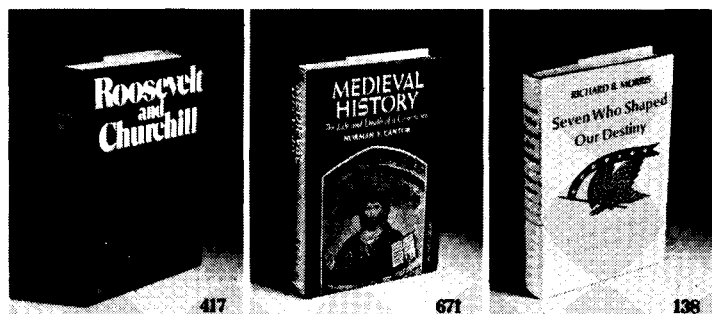
panded even as diplomatic recognition shrank. Living standards soared to levels exceeded in Asia only by those of Japan and Singapore. Yet behind the appearance of stability and self-confidence lurked the nagging question of how the native Taiwanese would react to the death of Chiang Kai-shek.

The answer came as more than two million mourners, mostly Taiwanese, endured eight-hour lines in sweltering heat for a brief, distant glimpse of the open coffin in the massive Sun Yat-sen Memorial Hall. To be sure, this was no universally spontaneous outpouring of individual grief. Government organizations, schools, and corporations marched their members through; buses were chartered from distant points. Television acted as a magnet, drawing thousands to Taipei. Sheer curiosity to see the "Great Leader," the desire not to appear disloyal, and the need to keep up with one's neighbors all combined to swell the crowds.

Inevitably rumors of trouble abounded. There was an announcement of an immediate "war alert," placing the armed forces in full combat readiness. However, except for one concentration of troops under a Taipei bridge the morning after the Gimo's death, no security precautions were evident in any major city. On the contrary, business proceeded as usual. Crowds that gathered to view the movement of Chiang's remains from Veterans Hospital to Sun Yat-sen Hall repeatedly surged toward the passing cortege without meeting any effective police resistance. During the following weeks, foreigners who roamed freely throughout the island



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found no sign of dissident activity.

If most Taiwanese showed little sorrow, they evinced no personal animus against the Gimo as an individual. If he had been remote from their daily lives, this was in accordance with tradition. His last years coincided with an unprecedented prosperity, manifested not only by the inevitable profusion of cars, motorcycles, coffee houses, and color television sets, but also by widened access to university education and the movement from farm to factory, from village to city, that spells true modernization.

Son and heir

Fortunately for the island's stability, Chiang Ching-kuo moved with the times. No charismatic television personality, he is still a welcome change from the distant mandarin figure of his father. The Premier's frequent informal appearances at workshops, farms, and public projects, or addressing civic groups, are featured almost nightly on the news. A shy man who never sought the spotlight, he nevertheless remains more a product of the years he spent in the Soviet Union than of his subsequent re-education in the Confucian classics. Initially sent to Russia by his father in 1925, Ching-kuo remained there after the collapse of the Nationalist-Communist united front in 1927. He was forced to fend for himself, first on a collective farm, then in a gold mine in the Urals, and finally in a factory, where he met his wife, Faina.

Chiang Ching-kuo's Russian experience taught him not only the common touch but genuine concern for the working classes and deep hatred for the corrupt rich. These qualities proved more of a liability than an asset when he first returned to China in 1937. However, they became essential on Taiwan as his aging father steadily increased Ching-kuo's power in preparation for his eventual succession. Legally, of course, President C. K. Yen is the successor as prescribed by the constitution. But no one questions the ultimate power of the Premier, further cemented by his recent "unanimous election" as head of the

Kuomintang. As one observer noted, "We have the same titles, President and Premier, but the power has been reversed."

Ching-kuo's personality is an important factor in the stable transition of rule on Taiwan. Faced with opposition from Taiwanese as well as Communists in 1949, Chiang Kai-shek entrusted his elder son with the onerous job of public security. Ching-kuo was thorough in his effort to detect, imprison, and execute potential enemies. Twenty years ago, prudent foreigners avoided meeting Taiwanese, lest association bring retaliation on one or both parties. Street surveillance, student spies, nighttime disappearances, and concentration camps made Ching-kuo the personification of "mainlander" repression in the eyes of native Taiwanese.

Today, Americans meet Taiwanese without visible inhibition on either side. Broadcasts from mainland China come in clearly on inexpensive radios and reach local listeners, though such activity is still officially prohibited. Lectures sponsored by the United States Information Service draw standing-room audiences although—or perhaps because—the speaker is known not to advocate the official line.

It would be wrong to claim that full freedom has come to Taiwan. Copies of *Time* and *Newsweek* are stripped of pages which show Mao Tse-tung or depict the People's Republic favorably. University libraries limit their purchases to approved books and periodicals. Newspapers walk a narrow line when handling national and international affairs, while the virtual uniformity of editorial content shows keen sensitivity to Kuomintang guidance. There are severe restrictions on foreign travel.

Yet the local populace feel they are better off than their counterparts in the People's Republic. Communist broadcasts far surpass Nationalist ones for sheer boredom through political overkill. The potentially most disaffected groups, the urban unemployed and poor farmers, are least susceptible to the esoteric essays beamed by mainland transmitters. And young Taiwanese express frank puzzlement over the simplistic messages that periodically flutter down from balloons: "unity with the motherland" arouses no re-

sponse, and depiction of a "former Kaohsiung family," whose members "work prosperously in chemical and electronics factories," evokes outright laughter.

Bottoming out

Again, as in the political situation, the picture is not without its dark side. Last winter, unemployment in the huge export processing zone at Kaohsiung reached 40 percent when foreign markets collapsed, principally in the United States and Japan. Meanwhile consumer prices soared an estimated 60 percent over eighteen months. Premier Chiang's New Year address promised no immediate relief, instead calling for greater austerity and sacrifice. Drastic import restrictions chipped away at the more than \$1 billion trade deficit with Japan, but worldwide inflation and recession continue to plague Taiwan, dependent as it is on imports of raw materials and exports of finished goods.

Yet not even Peking portrays the island as being on the brink of economic disaster, and with good reason. Ten years of prosperity have left plenty of slack in the belt for tightening. The traditionally paternalistic factory owners have redistributed the reduced work load and cushioned the impact of wage cuts. Female workers are hard hit, but the family offers temporary refuge. All forms of public transportation remain jammed to capacity, and rising gas costs have yet to curtail the constant flow of traffic on overtaxed arteries, including highways that lead to remote scenic spots. Young people throng the bistros; paradoxically, the young are able to remain fashionable as canceled export orders dump modish styles on the local market at or below cost. Recently, as recession bottomed out abroad, foreign analysts detected the first signs of economic recovery. The improvement should begin to be felt by workers and consumers later this year or next.

Thus, in purely financial terms, Taiwan has ended its phase of rapid growth, but it is not faced with a crisis, much less collapse. Up to now, going it alone politically has not hurt the economy. European and Canadian banks and businessmen

continue to fill Taipei's ever-rising ranks of modern office buildings. When Tokyo transferred recognition from Taipei to Peking, Japanese trade fell off briefly. Then, either because of private assurances given to Prime Minister Tanaka in Peking, or because of the continuing American security commitment, Japanese trade and investment returned to normal, sustaining full employment and rising living standards.

The question remains: When Washington eventually closes its embassy for the sake of improving diplomatic relations with Peking, will the Japanese financial tie wither away? More important, what will happen to trade with the United States—\$3.7 billion in 1974—when no officially recognized Republic of China exists to be granted favorable concessions? Will American investment still enjoy U.S.-backed guarantees? Seen in this light, the existing anomaly whereby economic strength remains unimpaired by political atrophy may hold true for only another year or two.

More immediately, it is Taiwan's political fate that arouses a heightened sense of anxiety. America's alleged failure to live up to its commitments, expressly stated by President Ford and Secretary of State Kissinger, seemed to justify nightmare fears of further perfidy.

Furthermore, so long as Chiang Kai-shek was alive, so too was the vision that somehow, whether through world war, a Sino-Soviet conflict, or power struggles in Peking, return to the mainland was possible. Objectively the vision was unfeasible, but subjectively it was nonetheless cherished, at least by the less sophisticated. As one intellectual put it to his skeptical visitor, "This is our moment of truth. You Americans have a rational, logical, and empirical approach. For us, the wish gives rise to the hope, however remote. The unforeseeable may be good. Who knows? Until now, we could simply refuse to face reality."

This attitude explains the remark heard repeatedly during and after the funeral: "He promised to take us back!" Less frequently voiced, but often implied, was the conclusion, "Now we will never go." When pressed to spell out their probable future, however, the

"mainlanders" worry about American abandonment followed by a Communist conquest. Native Taiwanese wonder about an eventual deal between Peking and Taipei. Ching-kuo's years in the Soviet Union may spur such speculation even among his own compatriots. The Taiwanese's frequent querying of foreigners about "the true situation in Red China" almost certainly does not reflect pro-Communist sympathies. Instead it suggests both skepticism about Nationalist propaganda and a human need to hope that if a Communist take-over is inevitable, it will not be so grim a fate as is depicted.

Gain or loss?

These widespread anxieties over the consequences of losing the American tie are to a considerable degree the unintended result of the official line. From Madame Chiang Kai-shek's articulate critiques of Washington's wasting spirit to the reprinting of crude anti-Kissinger cartoons culled from the Arab press, the American has never been more harshly depicted on Taiwan. Yet high-level conversations reveal a more relaxed air of hope than existed last summer and fall, when uniform pessimism anticipated Washington's next move.

Understandably, spokesmen for the regime avoid any suggestion now that Indochina's loss may be Taiwan's gain. Anxiety among the already concerned populace grew apace with newspaper and television saturation coverage of the successive debacles in Hue, Danang, Phnom Penh, and Saigon. Thieu's sudden resignation hit hard for audiences accustomed to personalizing their images of politics. Further pessimism resulted from Kim Il-sung's subsequent trip to Peking, immediately interpreted in the press as foreshadowing a new crisis in the Korean peninsula.

An even wider gap between the public line and informed views exists over the question of Taiwan's security. Media depiction of a military threat is not echoed by responsible officials, who privately admit that one hundred miles of water, together with good defenses, both human and material, preclude a successful Communist invasion across

the Taiwan Strait, at least for several years.

And yet the official line persists, calling for renewed vigilance, and thus raises false fears. Formerly the battle cry may have served to justify martial law and a monopoly of political power by the Nationalists. Today such justification is eroded by the greatly improved internal situation. A frank exposition of the facts would bring into question defense appropriations, which currently consume nearly 40 percent of the \$2.3 billion budget, or approximately 7.6 percent of GNP. When analysis of actual Communist capabilities emerged in a USIS-sponsored lecture, the English-language *China News* headlined its major story, "Peiping Said Unable To Launch Amphibious Attack On Taiwan." Significantly, no Chinese paper reported this portion of the discussion.

The only real threat concerns the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu, which lie within artillery range of the mainland. Yet despite their vulnerability, every possible symbolic and substantive step has been taken to tie them irrevocably to Taiwan. Evening weather reports include the remote islands, while schoolchildren and foreign delegations fly "to the front," or cross by military ship on well-publicized junkets. On major holidays, Ching-kuo personally visits the outposts, where more than seventy thousand of Taiwan's best troops exchange propaganda broadsides with their Communist counterparts only a few miles away.

No one expects the islands to be attacked in the immediate future. Peking's tie with Washington, as well as its hope of "peaceful liberation" for Taiwan following Chiang's death, calls for a soft line. Communist statements eliminated even the hint of threatened force against Taiwan contained in last year's comparable output. However, Peking's impressive growth in surface and subsurface naval power leaves small doubt that blockade and bombardment of the offshore islands would lead to their eventual surrender. Nor would existing U.S. policy and public opinion permit any American help to break the blockade as we did seventeen years ago.

Herein lies the most serious risk

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in Taiwan's policy of going it alone. Insistence on continuing as the Republic of China and maintaining the civil war image invites a crushing military and political defeat on the offshore islands whenever Peking chooses to inflict it. Moreover, this risk is taken for territory of no strategic significance to the defense of Taiwan, by troops who have no natural ties with the isolated islands. Finally, both islands are wholly removed from any possible American or Asian identification of common interest, thereby assuring a total lack of international involvement in the event of an attack.

Taiwan's isolation became dramatically evident during preparations for the late President's funeral. Films of his World War II meetings with Roosevelt and Churchill only made more graphic his final diplomatic demise. Although some thirty foreign delegations walked in the cortege, except for former Japanese Premier Sato, the sole representative of renown was Vice President Nelson Rockefeller.

Even the circumstances attending Rockefeller's appearance served to underscore the tenuousness of the last major international link. The reported selection of Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz to head the U.S. delegation hit Taipei almost as hard as the thunderstorm on the night of the Gimo's death. Within days, more than a thousand signatures of protest were gathered on a petition. Chinese officials assiduously avoided comment, but private citizens were frankly appalled, particularly after the Vice President's highly publicized attendance at the recent funeral of King Faisal. The press prominently reprinted Senator Barry Goldwater's statement attacking the Butz selection as "shabby" treatment of a World War II ally. Included was his allegation that failure to mention the Republic of China in the State of the World message foreshadowed President Ford's intention to transfer recognition on his trip to Peking.

Vice President Rockefeller's arrival muted all direct criticism. However, the *China Post* pointedly quoted an American who greeted Senator Goldwater at the welcoming

reception saying, "We are so glad that you made the Vice President come." In short, the turnaround saved face for the Chiang family, but it could not hide the deterioration in relations. Nor did Rockefeller's singular stress on "friendship" in characterizing the Washington-Taipei tie measure up to Ambassador Leonard Unger's earlier emphasis on "commitment" and "ally" in the initial expression of American condolence.

Perhaps emboldened by Senator Goldwater's apparent impact on the White House, local editorial writers subsequently called on President Ford to cancel his announced trip, or at least to follow the Senator's suggestion that he visit Taipei as well as Peking. Informally, Chinese confessed astonishment over the Administration's insensitivity to Asian perceptions by following the humiliation of defeat in Indochina with a handshake for Mao Tse-tung. In the final analysis, however, all admit that American policy is directed toward one China, and that China is on the mainland, not on Taiwan.

Identity crisis

Yet the option of proclaiming the Republic of Taiwan seems all but foreclosed by the regime's rhetoric. In actuality, native Taiwanese have steadily expanded their share of the political process, especially since Chiang Ching-kuo increased his influence. In the December, 1972, elections, all but ten of eighty-nine new members of the National Assembly and the Legislative Yuan were Taiwanese, as were eight of the ten new Control Yuan officials chosen in February, 1973. Taiwanese now serve as provincial governor, Taipei mayor, and deputy premier. Privately, young "mainlanders" complain that they are discriminated against in government appointments. In the armed services, native Taiwanese have risen nearly to senior officer ranks.

But more than rhetoric obstructs a change of identification from China to Taiwan. The key positions of power still lie wholly in the hands of the "mainlanders," despite the steady aging of this elite and the absence of younger successors. Many in command of the government, police, and army would have

to step down if the Republic of China should become the Republic of Taiwan. But beyond this unlikely development lies the omnipresent identification of the island as China. For one month after Chiang's death, this symbolic saturation intensified as daily "mainland recovery" ceremonies and songs flooded the media. Television programming scrapped all humor and pop music in favor of tearful soap operas, foreign war films, and patriotic anthems. Chiang's will, allegedly written only a week before his death, appeared everywhere, urging his countrymen to eliminate the Communists and restore Nationalist rule to the mainland. His remains are in a "temporary resting place" until they can be "buried on the mainland."

As the American military presence winds inexorably down, so too does local confidence in survival. Taipei's Washington-watchers noted the consistent omission of reference to the mutual security treaty with the Republic of China whenever President Ford or Secretary Kissinger enumerated existing commitments in Asia. Not until two weeks after the fall of Saigon did the White House publicly reaffirm the Taiwan treaty obligation, too late to undo the damage in Taipei.

Yet despite the omens, there is little talk of flight. Admittedly, travel abroad is difficult to arrange, but panic does not come easily to this populace, accustomed as it is to enduring a hostile environment and personal uncertainty. There is no clear and present danger, as there was in 1949. Future threats still seem somewhat remote and abstract. Those who remember the 1950s know that repeated forecasts of doom have proven wrong. If the sands of time are finally running out for the Republic of China, there is little evidence of preparations for change at official or public levels. So long as individual anxiety can be denied mass expression, Taiwan will continue to tread water, hoping to survive the consequences of détente between the United States and the People's Republic of China.

—ALLEN S. WHITING

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTOR

Allen S. Whiting is the author of *The Chinese Calculus of Deterrence: India and Indochina*.

PARTY of ONE

Yours Sincerely

by Thomas Griffith

One of the stoutly held myths of our day is that the television camera reveals true character. Like everyone else, I am a captive of this foolish notion: one can't help it, for the eye trusts what it *sees*, though it suspiciously screens what it *reads*, just as the ear filters, edits, and questions what it hears. This is why television is at once so powerful and so unpredictable a medium; the observing eye is mindless and restless, and, if it has nothing else more interesting to look at on the screen, will begin noticing a man's lapel width, or his nose, or the awkwardness of his hands. In the circumstances, viewers all think of themselves as excellent students of character who can spot the slightest trace of insincerity. But that is nonsense.

True, when the man on the street is suddenly on camera and asked his opinion, he can't help but blurt out what he feels. But a politician must always anticipate what he might say if asked; we are thus judging a performance. "The best television performers among politicians," says Bryan Magee, a British member of Parliament, "are the skilful phonies." Magee wrote recently in *The Listener*:

Truly outstanding politicians during the television era have been hopeless at it. Churchill would have nothing to do with it, and, so far as I know, he never set foot in a studio. Aneurin Bevan was frightened of it, and refused all but a few of the invitations which showered upon him. And when he did appear—this magic-tongued man, streaked with genius, whose personality would leap off the platform at a live audience—his image stuck to the screen like cold cod. . . .

Meanwhile, people who in real life are the most effortlessly entertaining and brilliant of talkers—as are, for instance, Isaiah Berlin and Anthony Quinton—are but indifferent television performers. People who are relaxedly themselves do not have the artificial, actor-like projection of TV personalities—and remember, unlike a live audience, the camera is not a human observer, so people projecting themselves through it are doing so through a dead piece of machinery: a bizarre talent, indeed.

Among major American political figures, I think only John Kennedy mastered television as Roosevelt mastered radio. You hear it said that a person can't go anywhere in politics these days without being good on television, but how then explain the political successes of Johnson and Nixon, who on screen repelled more frequently than they seduced?

Politicians live by believability of manner and plausibility of explanation. Nixon labored, even overlabored, at plausibility of explanation, and thus always sounded better on radio, where with resonant voice he could conceal a furtiveness of manner so evident on screen. (I once mentioned to Kennedy, the only time I ever talked to him in the Oval Office, my belief that Nixon came across confidently in the Nixon-Kennedy debates only on the split-screen occasion when they spoke from separate studios. In person, did Kennedy have some kind of physical whammy over Nixon? He did, Kennedy agreed with a wide crockery smile.)

As an actor, Gerald Ford has only one part, but he has been playing it most of his life and has made it his own. He is pretty good at looking you in the eye, seeming straightforward, unruffled, and decent, but as John Hersey observed, after studying him at close quarters for a week, you get the same Ford expression in response to either a trivial question or a serious one. Ford also knows how to return a muzzy answer to a clear question, so that watching him being interviewed is like watching second-rate tennis, in which a listless rally goes on interminably because a player is content just to get the ball back over the net, and is not willing to chance a killing return.

Of course Presidents now come equipped with gag writers who provide one-liners to fend off awkward press conference questions, and aides who try out questions that will be asked so that the President can work on responses. When such are the working conditions of the modern presidency, what has "sincerity" got to do with it? About as much as the "sincerity" evidenced by Johnny Carson when, after chatting earnestly with his guests, he gives you that crinkly, sincere expression (you understand, I've got to do this) and launches into a spiel for something in a spray can.

The Federal Trade Commission seems to believe that sincerity in huckstering can be regulated by law. It recently issued guidelines saying that professional actors must be identified on screen when pretending to be ordinary truck drivers with acid stomachs, or housewives with limp paper toweling. Joe DiMaggio, who speaks a patois that Marlon Brando can only labor to imitate, is a prize advertising salesman now because of his "believability" in clumsily mouthing lines he has been taught to repeat. Is anyone being deceived? I doubt it.

But then, I happen to believe that we need to be saved less from insincerity than from sincerity. If you are looking for a certain kind of sincerity, take George Wallace. He often seems to be saying the first thing that comes into his head. Demagogues never have to qualify their remarks, which is part of their appeal if you believe that problems are that simple. And we all know well-intentioned people who are convinced that their unselfish dedication to a cause is assurance enough that their recommendations are right. Carter Glass once complained of William Jennings Bryan, "that goddam nincompoop thinks that any man with real goodness of heart can write a banking act."

People full of simplistic certainties are likely to have the most convincing demeanor on television. The deadly vice of that medium, therefore, is that it encourages decided judgments of character with little to go on, and that little is often misleading. Valuable as being straight-

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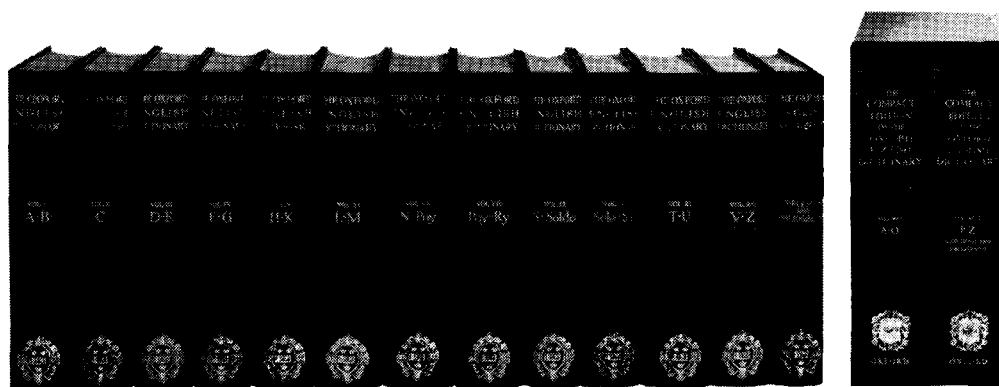
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PARTY OF ONE

forward is, in ordinary relations we all correctly acknowledge occasions when truth is too harsh, when kindness requires tact; and other occasions when one wants to think in advance to assure that a point is made with maximum effectiveness. I don't see why this should be confused with lack of sincerity. But we are a romantic people who prize spontaneity and suspect calculation. Blunt speaking is reckoned an American virtue. A certain kind of businessman, who prides himself on being hard-nosed (his nose gets that way by being pressed constantly to the bottom line), has only contempt for the evasions of the politician. Yet obviously calculations enter the judgments of the plainspoken too. They also get their ducks in a row. The difference is that the politician, if unable to please everybody, must hope on any issue to avoid antagonizing as many as possible.

Such conduct becomes a tic of the trade. Yet if politics provides basic training in the art of dissembling, it

is a mere prep school compared to diplomacy. The public of course regards diplomacy as a two-faced line of work, and can repeat all the old saws about men sent abroad to lie for their country. But if that were all there was to it, all diplomacy would be impossible. Diplomats themselves, who have long since put their naïveté behind them, belong to a mutual protection society which has its own standards of trust, just as businessmen live amiably by a code of practices which their public relations departments don't admit and the law affecting them doesn't quite cover. A diplomat may avoid the lie direct, but feels no need to remind his opponent of that clause he forgot to nail down.

Where, then, on the sincerity charts does one put Henry Kissinger? Calculation is his daily bread. He has schooled himself to believe that diplomacy is about interests, not sentiments. He hasn't yet learned to deny himself sympathy; he bruises easily and lets his wounds show, which is the most sincere behavior of his we see. But he has the requisite weary cynicism.

"God save us from men out to preserve their purity," he once remarked. He is a master at keeping two versions of the same story in his head while negotiating, so that he can emphasize to each side that part of the argument that will have most appeal. Such qualities are alien to the *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* belief in the ultimate triumph of the open-faced, innocent American, and in the long haul, democracy is likely to prove an unappreciative customer for Kissinger's kind of manipulations.

He may already have overreached himself by being over-clever. Yet he is the diplomat of his day who is best equipped to reach the frigid heights of his craft, that commanding Mount Rushmore where loom such impassive faces as that of Talleyrand, who taught that a foreign secretary "must have the faculty of appearing open, while remaining impenetrable, of masking reserve with the manner of careless abandon." Talleyrand thought treason to be a matter of dates; those whom he served, the kings and emperors, might fall, but he survived. "I am thought immoral and Machiavelian," he protested, "I am only calm and disdainful." Madame Rémusat described him well: "More artificial than anybody else, he was able to build up a natural character out of a thousand affectations." Yet Talleyrand too could insist that "diplomacy is not a science of deceit and duplicity. People have made the mistake of confusing reserve with deceit. Good faith never authorizes deceit but it admits of reserve; and reserve has this peculiarity, that it increases confidence."

Talleyrand is appealingly despicable, not a model to put before your son. Still, he had his qualities, which television watchers, who are too preoccupied with apparent sincerity, would only scorn. But give me the man in public affairs who is attentive to the nuance and complexity of events, and doesn't blunderbuss his way with roughshod certainty. If, knowing all the subtleties of a situation, he is able like Lincoln to come across plainly too, all the better. I don't even mind if, in this final "sincere" projection of self, his skill in performance owes something to the art of the actor. For all the great political figures have had that.

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please."*



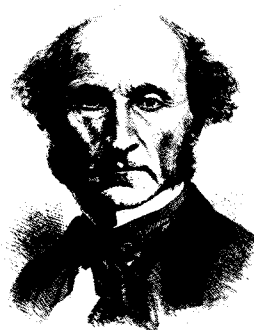
to customers that the number wanted was on the town's other telephone system. And each month there were two telephone bills to pay.

A solution to the problem had been worked out long before by John Stuart Mill.

In 1847 Mill had studied the situation of two other new industries that supplied water and gas through pipes to the homes and businesses of London:

"It is obvious, for example, how great an economy of labour would be obtained if London were supplied by a single gas or water company instead of the existing plurality. While there are even as many as two, this implies double establishments of all sorts, when only one, with a small increase, could probably perform the whole operation equally well; double sets of machinery and works, when the whole of the gas and water required could generally be produced by one set only; even double sets of pipes, if the companies did not prevent this needless expense by agreeing upon a division of the territory. Were there only one establishment, it could make lower charges, consistently with obtaining the rate of profit now realized."

Such a consolidation, Mill saw, was clearly in the public interest. The concept of a “public utility” was reinforced.



John Stuart Mill

When Edison's electric light superseded illuminating gas, the parallel was obvious. It was not quite so obvious for the telephone.

It was not hard to see that the public benefited from having water piped into homes. But while some viewed the telephone companies as providing a similar vital service, others regarded them as being more akin to manufacturers selling ingenious machines in the luxury class. When only a few people had telephones, one observer called them “electric toys.” Should Bell's invention be compared with Edison's new electric light, or was it more like his phonograph? As the proportion of homes and businesses with telephones grew, the usefulness of the telephone increased greatly.

Then there was the matter of geographic area served. An exclusive franchise for a specified area is a natural corollary of Mill's concept of a public utility. And exclusiveness was a troublesome subject.

When two or more rivals supply a similar service, competition keeps each up

to the mark, or else some eventually lose customers and go out of business. If in the public interest, government removes that rivalry by granting exclusive franchises, then government must provide the mechanisms for preventing arbitrary or excessive charges or unreasonable or discriminatory regulations.

The doctrine of public regulation of privately owned resources has its roots in Roman law and the tenet of *justum pretium* —“just price.” English common law provided a rationale for regulation. In an essay on rates for wharf services, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, established in 1670 the criterion that private industries “affected with a public interest” may be regulated by the public:

“If the King or subject have a public wharf unto which all persons that come to that port must come and unload their goods...because they are the only wharfs licensed by the King. ..or because there is no other wharf in that port...there cannot be taken arbitrary and excessive duties...but the duties must be reasonable and moderate....For now the wharf and crane and other conveniences are affected with a public interest.”

Various municipal boards did undertake to control the quality of service provided by water, gas and electric companies, usually through periodic reviews of franchises granted. It was no easy task. For quality of service leads quickly to questions of cost: good service for the price charged;

equal prices for all customers for services of a similar nature, so that no one is discriminated against; adequate service capacity so that anyone able to pay for the service can have it.

Local officials had their hands full regulating the three industries already mentioned (water, gas, electricity). They were not eager to take on the responsibility of regulating the telephone business. And so redundant companies continued to exist in many towns. Confusion multiplied geometrically as the companies strung long distance lines to connect various cities.



Theodore N. Vail

Soon after he was elected A.T.&T. President in 1907, Vail enunciated the goal: "One policy, one system, universal service." He saw that the future of the business depended on having one unified telephone service for the

entire nation—a service that every family and business could enjoy. That meant ending duplicate telephone companies, replacing them with exclusive telephone franchises. In other words, Vail understood that it was not enough for the nation to have telephone companies. What was needed—and what he sought to create—was a *telephone system*. Vail saw, too, that the very "exclusivity" of the franchises invited—

indeed, demanded—regulation by officials elected or supported by the public to protect the public interest.

Vail thus agreed with the efforts of Gov. Charles Evans Hughes of New York and Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin, who were working to persuade state legislatures to try a new approach to regulation through state utility commissions—responsive to the public at the state level—as best serving the public interest.

The state commissions, supported by public desire for efficient regulation, worked. Most public utilities came to be regulated on a statewide basis, and a framework of efficient regulation was set.

Vail recognized, however, that national regulation also was a necessary complement to state regulation, particularly since one company—A.T.&T.—was chiefly responsible for interconnecting the individual telephone companies into a telephone system.

As noted earlier, regulation of telephone companies already had begun to develop at the state level. But on the national level—for telephone lines and services crossing state boundaries—there was no federal counterpart to the state regulatory commissions, although telegraph companies had been regulated to some extent by the Postmaster General and the Interstate Commerce Commission under statutes dating back to the 19th century.



Alexander Graham Bell

The first effort at comprehensive federal regulation came in the Mann-Elkins Act of 1910, amending the Interstate Commerce Act. Telephone, telegraph and cable companies were declared to be common carriers subject to ICC regulation.

Federal regulation took a new turn in 1934 with the passage by Congress of the Communications Act, which established the Federal Communications Commission. The intent of Congress—as it had been the intent of both Bell and Vail—is outlined in Section I of the Communications Act:

“For the purpose of regulating interstate and foreign communications by wire and radio so as to make available, so far as possible, to all the people of the United States a rapid, efficient, nationwide and

worldwide wire and radio communication service with adequate facilities at reasonable charges....”

Almost alone among the nations of the world, then, this country entrusted the development and operation of its communications resources to private enterprise. It endowed companies with the rights and responsibilities of common carriers, each solely privileged to purvey its services within its territory but all in turn strictly accountable through state and national regulation to the public they serve.

Has it worked?

In 1968, President Johnson’s Task Force on Communications Policy concluded, “It can be truly said that the United States has the finest telephone system in the world.”

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SIR: People like Brick Dupree ("View from the Credit Hole," June *Atlantic*), whose sense of duty is as absent as their sense of propriety, may yet provide a strong case for beleaguered creditors to lobby for the reinstatement of jail sentences for those who flauntingly continue to defraud unsuspecting legitimate concerns. Why must you and I pay higher prices every time the sellers are swindled by credit card addicts? They are nothing but shoplifters; perhaps more sophisticated because of their indirect method, but shoplifters nonetheless.

GEORGE LEDIN, JR.
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: If Brick is correct in his conclusion that true luxury and earnest nationalism can be achieved only by being flat broke and in debt up to your hairline, I am going to apply for every credit card on the face of this debt-infested country.

HAMPTON DAVID SMITH III
Blacksburg, Va.

SIR: Brick Dupree's "View from the Credit Hole" was most appropriate. Having found myself in a similar situation with Master Charge, a series of happy events occurred simultaneously so I found it quite simple to tell the truth: "I am in the hospital, I am disabled for an indeterminate length of time, my condominium has been sold, and I find myself with child by my black lover."

After verifying this information, Master Charge retreated into stunned silence.

I find the disability payments handy for spending money, I married the father of my child and so obliterated my (maiden) name forever in the state of California, and I have a whole string of new credit cards in my new name, Master Charge among them.

Name withheld

NOW SEE HERE

SIR: J. P. Donleavy's "The Gentleman's Guide to Death" (June *Atlantic*) is probably intended as satire. But instead of irony and (black) humor, it exudes cynicism and sadism. Even the language is sometimes crude, not fit for a "gentleman."

Everybody who contemplates death with dignity and considers it as a great mystery of human existence will react only with revulsion to this guide.

PAUL A. PISK
Los Angeles, Calif.

TO J. P. DONLEAVY:

As one gentleman to another, I would appreciate your taking that morbid and lunatic cynicism and sticking it where the sun never shines.

MARK ELSASSER
Colorado Springs, Colo.

ADVICE & CONSENT

SIR: The piece on Brazil in the May issue of *The Atlantic* is interesting and accurate. One point, however, in reference to me, was not accurate, and it is important that it be corrected. I was not tortured "at the hands of the Recife police," but

rather at the hands of the Brazilian army. President Geisel's supposed intervention, which may or may not have occurred, was not "a warning to provincial police that he opposed their methods." Whatever conflict there is in the power structure is within the ranks of the military itself and its own security forces. I was a prisoner of the Brazilian army, of which President Geisel is a general.

Another detail, but perhaps important: I was not "arrested" with the legal formalities that implies. I was simply abducted by the military forces. I was never charged with any crimes of any sort, nor, to my knowledge, has my situation ever been formalized even under the terms of the military law. The closest thing to a formality in my treatment was that after my being kidnapped, tortured, held in solitary confinement for seventeen days, President Geisel, using the extra-legal Institutional Act No. 5, suspended the 1969 constitution (under which my deportation would not be permitted because I have a son who is a Brazilian citizen), simply declared me to be a person "prejudicial to the national interests," and ordered my deportation.

Your readers may also be interested to know that my friend, Alanir Cardoso, who was kidnapped with me, was tortured for nearly three months, and is still a prisoner at the hands of the Brazilian government. As a Brazilian patriot, he did not have the option of an illegal deportation that got me off the hook as an American citizen.

FRED B. MORRIS
Alexandria, Va.

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SIR: I would like to point out an error in John Porter's article on beer, "True Brew," in your June issue. *Environmental Action* magazine is published by Environmental Action, Inc., and not by The Center for Science in the Public Interest.

Mr. Porter's confusion apparently stemmed from the fact that one of the Center's staff members wrote an article on beer additives for our magazine.

Environmental Action is a Washington-based citizens' lobbying organization.

PETER HARNIK

Coordinator, *Environmental Action*

SIR: Tracy Kidder's article "Sludge" (April *Atlantic*) correctly notes the increasingly complex problem of sewage sludge disposal. There is little doubt that the traditional method, dumping at sea, is no longer an acceptable solution. However, the alternative discussed by Kidder is also problematical.

Sewage sludge has a relatively low concentration of essential nutrients and is not, therefore, a particularly good fertilizer. At best it may be used as a soil conditioner. However, the cost of handling and transporting the huge quantities of sludge generated by a major city is excessive, and vast areas of land are required to absorb this amount of sludge. Another major disadvantage of spreading sludge on agricultural land is that most cities' sludges contain heavy metals which accumulate on the land.

An alternative means of sludge disposal is to use it as landfill. However, both health and aesthetic reasons lessen the desirability of this alternative.

One method not discussed by Tracy Kidder is the incineration of sewage sludge. The first Herreshoff multiple-hearth sewage sludge incinerator was installed in Dearborn, Michigan, in 1934. In the intervening forty-one years, 219 additional incinerators have been installed in 106 cities throughout the world.

Because of the design of the Herreshoff incinerators, the sludge, despite a water content of as much as 70 to 75 percent, acts as its own fuel, thereby minimizing energy consumption. The resulting residue is a sterile dry ash which occupies

about 13 percent of the original volume and which can be used as stable, sanitary landfill. Present systems insure that the incinerators meet all air pollution control requirements. The initial cost of the incinerator is an important consideration, but federal funding is available to New York for 75 percent of the cost under the 1972 Water Pollution Control Act.

DONALD B. BOLDT

Atlanta, Ga.

SIR: Yvonne C. Pateman states, in her letter in the June *Atlantic*, that the name of the lady who died in "Terry and the Pirates" in 1942 was Ransom Sherman. Actually, the name of the deceased was Raven Sherman. Ransom Sherman was a radio comic who appeared on *Club Matinee* during the thirties.

DON CAMPBELL

Miami, Fla.

SIR: Thurble article hysterically funny. Comment sufficiently terse?

FLORENCE CHILL

Oak Park, Ill.

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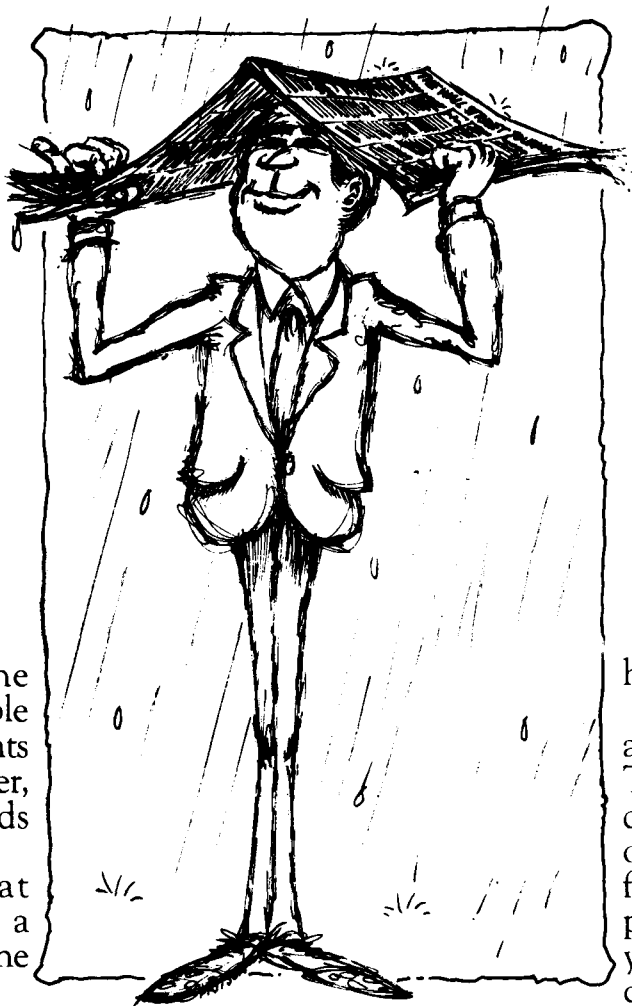
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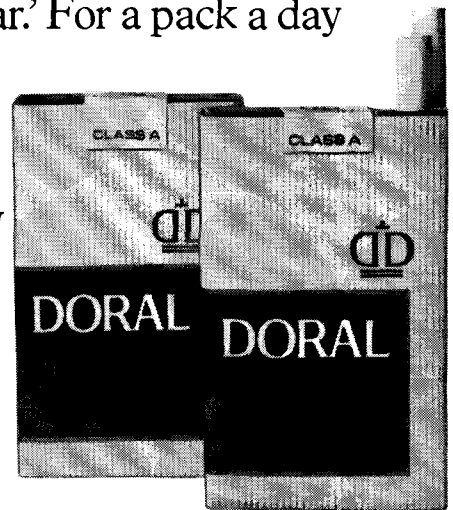
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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SAM SPADE?

The private eye in fact and fiction

by Clifford D. May

"I once lost a pregnant Indian who was wearing a red blanket and a feather in her hair, in Macy's. She just evaporated. A two-hundred-pound Indian." A true detective story, as told by one of a dying breed to a young reporter who wondered what the real-life counterparts of Philip Marlowe are doing these days.

He waited in a doorway out of the wind, glancing occasionally at the exit of a large red brick building on Ninety-first Street. The weather had snapped cold just about the time New York was supposed to get the January thaw, and fat, wet snowflakes loitered in the afternoon air. Freeman thrust his ungloved hands deep into the pockets of his gray vinyl raincoat. One of them embraced the icy steel of a slim five-shot .38. The gat was equipped with an inch-and-a-half barrel; not accurate at long distances maybe, but inconspicuous. It was 3:10, and still no sign of the kid.

* * *

The scene could come straight from the pages of a private detective novel. The catch is that Dick Freeman, licensed private investigator, was acting only as a covert baby-sitter for a fourteen-year-old boy. Frightened by the Hearst kidnapping and other attacks on America's rich and powerful, the boy's parents pay twenty-five dollars an hour to have their son followed to and from school each day by an armed private eye. The adolescent doesn't know anything about it and he is not supposed to. It might make him feel different from other children.

The case is illustrative of the reality of private investigations in the 1970s. It hardly measures up to the hard-boiled adventure that you find in the paperback novels, but it is not—in the words of Shakespeare's master sleuth—an occupation as "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" as some assume. Inevitably, a large part of the business consists of protecting the moneyed and mighty from those who would do them harm or intrude upon their territory.

In the United States today there are as many private as public police, and the number is growing. But most are guards, watchmen, or some other variety of security personnel. Only about 32,000 are private investigators, the real-life counterparts of one of the most significant and enduring characters in popular American literature.

And what Raymond Chandler called "the small-time private dick" is today a dying breed, like the family farmer and the humpback whale. He is being muscled out by the growth of the big security outfits such as Pinkerton, Burns, and Wackenhut, by the increasing use of advanced and expensive investigations technology, by changing times and a merciless economy.

Today bugging is illegal, divorce laws have been liberalized, fewer children are running away (or maybe fewer parents can afford to have them found), and even pre-employment background checks—the bread and butter of the boom years—are diminishing as corporations cut staffs and expenses. "Guard and escort service is about the only big thing these days," said Evans Samerson, a private eye for twenty years. "There's not enough investigative work anymore. I know two agencies that are closing now. They've been bought out by larger firms just for the few clients they had left. Only a chosen few can afford private eyes these days."

Oddly enough, the disappearance of the free-

lance sleuth coincides with the spectacular comeback of his counterpart in fiction, theater, film, and television. Sherlock Holmes is on Broadway, and seventeen new books on him and his creator have recently appeared; Elliot Gould is updating Philip Marlowe; this past year there were seven weekly network private eye series on TV (and even public television gave us Dorothy Sayers' elegant Lord Peter Wimsey); long-out-of-print Dashiell Hammett stories have been compiled by a Columbia professor and published in hardcover; Jack Nicholson worked the nostalgia vein for the genre as a whole in *Chinatown*; nearly \$1 million was recently paid for the paperback rights to an old but previously unpublished Agatha Christie novel featuring Hercule Poirot; and there is talk down at the Mystery Writers of America that *Black Mask*, the magazine that did for detective writing what *Life* did for photojournalism, is soon to be reincarnated.

"Private eye fiction seems to be coming on strong in this decade," Ross Macdonald says. "It's being taken more seriously both by writers and readers. I've been taking my own work more seriously than in the beginning."

At the same time, some private eye fiction is taking a more serious look at the real-life occupation. For *The Conversation*—in which Gene Hackman portrays a private investigator whose skill at bugging causes him to become obsessed about his own privacy—director Francis Ford Coppola hired Harold Lipset, fifty-six, probably San Francisco's most talented private eye, as technical adviser. "I thought it was a great film," Lipset said. "One of the best films about private investigators ever. It really showed the sophistry and paranoia of the business, and the state of the art in the scientific area came across."

Lipset, who worked on the defense of Angela Davis, and for the Senate Select Committee on Watergate, told me he patterned himself after Paul Drake in the Perry Mason series. "In real life, you see, the lawyer hasn't time to do what Mason does," he says. "Drake would do it all, all the investigation. Then Mason would take over in the courtroom." I asked Lipset if he had read Perry Mason as a kid. "As a kid," he said, "I read Horatio Alger." Lipset Service, Inc., with five investigators, grosses over \$300,000 a year.

For private eyes, life may imitate art more than the other way around. "I have never used a real person as the basis for a character or a story," said Rex Stout, the creator of the popular Nero Wolfe series. "Maybe I have subconsciously, but I don't know. I'm not on speaking terms with my subconscious."

Samuel T. Joseph is one of the last of the small-time private dicks. He is also a black investigator, something rarely found in fiction. He works out of a cramped room in an office he shares with a firm

of corporate headhunters. Instead of having an attractive and efficient secretary, he makes do with a telephone answering machine. "I'm the kind of private eye you read about," he tells me, removing the "office bottle" from a file cabinet and pouring a generous drink. He has an ingenuous smile and wears a smart brown plaid three-piece suit that is just a trifle too large. "I've been on a diet for the last few months," he says. "I've lost nearly a hundred pounds. Nothing fits." His wavy hair spills over his collar in the back. "I'm a Pisces, which means I'm secretive and not at all easy to live with." He smokes constantly and speaks in stentorian tones. "I only sound black when I get excited," he confides.

On his desk is a pathetic-looking plant, braced to a stick with Scotch tape, and an ashtray inscribed THE WELCOME CLIENT ALWAYS PAYS IN ADVANCE.

Times have not been kind to Joseph lately, and almost any client is welcome. "Being a private eye is either feast or famine," he says. "What I'd like is, eventually, to have a few guards working for me. Just to bring in a steady income. You really need to be a good businessman as well as a good investigator these days, and most of us are simply not endowed with good business heads."

Born and raised in Harlem, Joseph now lives in the Bronx with his wife. He spent twenty years on the New York City police force, rising to the rank of detective. "Then, do you remember, about 1964, the Michael J. Murphy witch-hunts?" he asks. "Well, seven guys in my squad were indicted [for graft] and the rest of us were put back into uniform." Joseph says that although he was not guilty, he wasn't prepared to walk a beat again, and so he retired. After leaving the force, Joseph worked for a detective agency for about a year, and then set up his own shop.

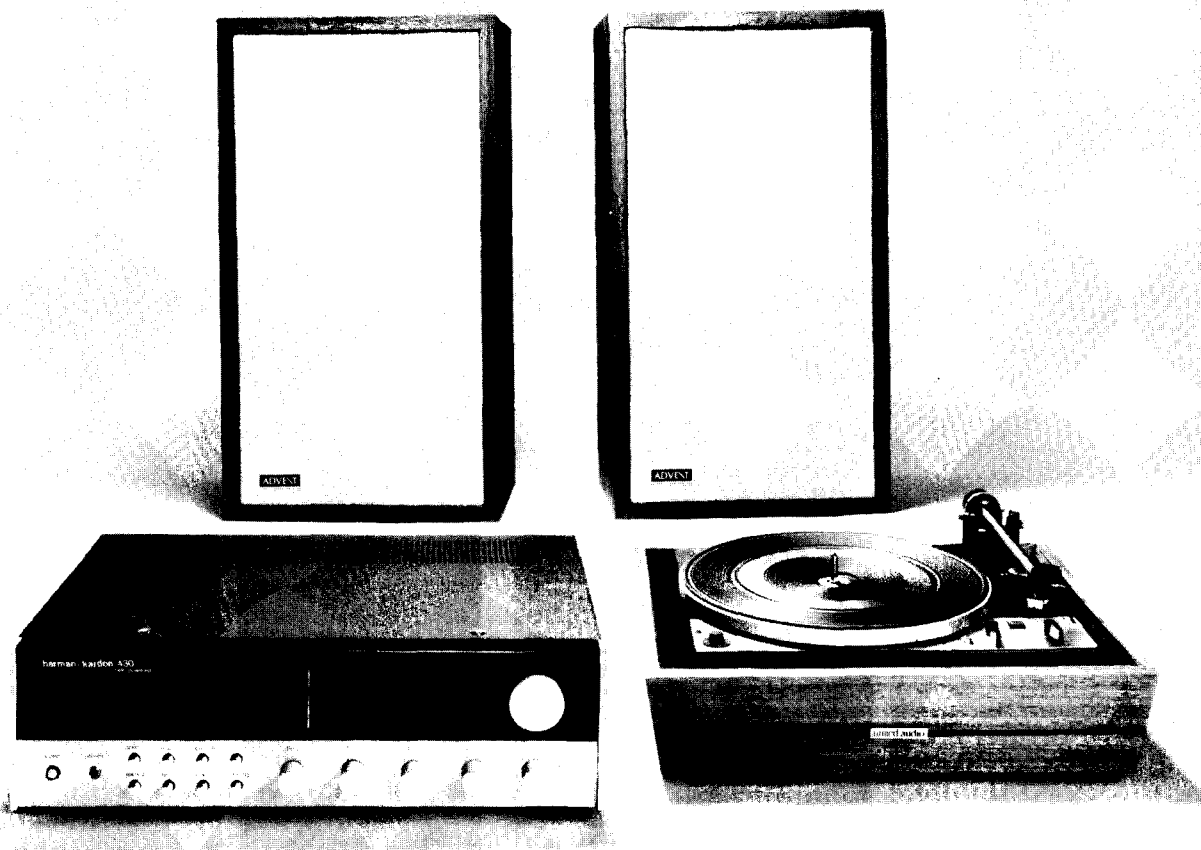
In most places, becoming a private eye is not very difficult. In twelve states the industry is virtually unregulated. Generally, however, to get his license a would-be gumshoe has to be at least twenty-five years old, have more than two years of relevant experience (such as having been a policeman or an insurance investigator), and have no criminal record. Most states require that he pass a test on the law as it relates to private investigators, and post a bond of about \$10,000.

"I could probably make a good living if I worked just for an insurance company, doing accident and negligence cases," Joseph says. "But I like to be versatile. I like to get out there and match wits with people. I don't want to be owned by any company."

The price Joseph charges to get out there and match wits with people is \$125 a day. Private in-

Clifford D. May reports for *The Record* in Bergen County, New Jersey.

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Whatever Happened to Sam Spade?

investigators generally charge between twelve and twenty-five dollars an hour (plus expenses), although a few go quite a bit higher. "It's not really so much," Joseph points out. "Plumbers get sixteen dollars an hour." It isn't a great deal if you are getting only two or three jobs a month. But it's very expensive for the person who has to lay it out for six weeks in order to get something accomplished. (Philip Marlowe got only \$25 a day, but that was before inflation.)

A recent RAND study on private police in the United States, prepared for the Justice Department, found that the average private eye—who is white, forty years old, and high-school-educated—earns between \$6000 and \$9000 a year. The more successful big-city private eye, however, or the investigator who also has administrative responsibilities in a larger firm, often pulls in more than twice that amount.

Before I leave, Joseph hands me two plastic car litter bags shaped like holsters. His name and address and AT YOUR SERVICE 24 HOURS are printed on them. "Advertising," he explains. "Keep it as a souvenir."

Like other black private eyes I have met, Joseph would prefer to work for black clients, for the poor, or even for the middle class, but he rarely gets the chance. Like most private eyes, he enjoys his work, and like all of them, he waits for that big case, the one that will live up to the novels and films, the one that will mix adventure, high society, and intrigue. "I wonder if I'll ever get that kind of case," Joseph muses.

Later, another private eye tells me, "It's not that that stuff doesn't happen. But it takes a lifetime. For the private eyes of the novels, it gets condensed into one case, into a hundred and sixty pages."

There was a time in the 1940s when it appeared that the private eye of the Chandler and Hammett novels might be gone forever. After World War II, when international Communist conspiracies were perceived as threatening the very foundation of Western society, it was only natural that American folk literature would abandon the criminal and pursue the spy. Even much of the detective fiction popular in the early fifties had Mike Hammer or Nero Wolfe tangling with the Reds:

I had to sit there and listen to it. It was propaganda right off the latest Moscow cable and it turned me inside out. I wanted to feel the butt of an M-1 against my shoulder pointing at those bastards up there on the rostrum and feel the pleasant impact as it spit slugs into their guts.

—*One Lonely Night*, Mickey Spillane

In the real world, the Wackenhut Corporation was established in 1954 by some former FBI men. It earned a reputation—and made many influential friends—as an anticommunist outfit. Wackenhut is

said to have more dossiers on domestic political radicals than any other organization in the country, with the exception of the FBI (and, one must now suppose, the CIA).

Anticommunism gave Jeremiah P. McAward, one of New York's sharpest and most successful private eyes, his start in investigations. "That was in the days when it was still fashionable to be a Red-baiter," McAward explained somewhat contritely. The son of a Secret Service man, he served in the Army in the late 1940s, and bunked next to a soldier suspected of leftist affiliations. He was asked to keep watch on the supposed left-winger, and he complied. That episode led to an undercover job with the FBI in which he posed as a "card-carrier," attended party meetings, and eventually testified against Communists for the Bureau. After a few years, he left the FBI and took up private practice.

In an ironic sense, fiction and reality collided during the McCarthy years, when Dashiell Hammett, the greatest and most innovative writer of private detective stories, was persecuted and jailed in connection with his left-wing sympathies. Hammett was never to complete another novel.

Given the tarnished image of the CIA in 1975 and the way attitudes toward communism have changed since the early 1950s, it is not surprising that the popularity of the fictional secret agent should have waned and that the private eye should now be restored to his former role and estate.

The private eye is a relative newcomer to the detective story, a genre that has included crime-solvers of any number of vocations: priest and doctor, indolent aristocrat and indigent intellectual, reputable policeman and reformed criminal. What makes the American private eye unique is that unlike the cops and the dilettante detectives, only he combines professionalism (a quality Americans demand) with autonomy (a quality they admire). "I made Lew Archer a private eye and not a policeman because I prefer private citizens to public officials," Ross Macdonald explains. "Don't misunderstand me, I respect cops, I've learned a lot from them. But I don't see things through their eyes."

Students of detective fiction have traced important elements of the genre back to the Jewish Apocrypha, the *Aeneid*, and Herodotus. The Case of the Marked Murderer, retold in Genesis 4, is a good crime story, although the omnipotence of the detective destroys the element of suspense. Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* shows good investigative work, but it breaks a cardinal rule of the genre by having the detective catch himself. (As in socialist realism, detective fiction must have a "positive hero." Raymond Chandler wrote: "It would be no adventure if it did not happen to a man fit for adventure.")

Shakespeare includes a good detective story in *Hamlet*: a secret informer provides an unlikely ac-

count of a murder (poisoned through the ear?), and the gloomy Dane arranges to have the crime re-enacted in the presence of the suspected culprit in order to establish guilt.

When Edgar Allan Poe published "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" in 1841—the first modern detective story—there was still no such thing as a private eye. In fact, the first police detectives had come into existence only a few years earlier, almost simultaneously in London and Paris. Poe was familiar with their work and drew on their experiences for his story. In "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," Poe's hero even mentions the Parisian Chef de la Police, Eugène-François Vidocq, by name, condescendingly describing him as "a good guesser . . . but without educated thought." In fact, Vidocq prepared for his adult career as a policeman by devoting his youth to crime. In later life Vidocq established a criminal information bureau (Le Bureau des Renseignements) which, while not quite a private detective agency, was a sort of predecessor.

One year after the appearance of Poe's detective tale, Allan Pinkerton, a strapping young radical agitator from the Glasgow slums, emigrated to Chicago. Seven years later he became the city's first police detective, only to resign a short time afterward "because of political interference," an objection that would have pleased his fictional descendants.

In 1850, Pinkerton founded the country's first private detective agency, whose insomnolent logo (an open eye) and motto ("We Never Sleep") gave birth to the phrase "private eye." The Pinkertons pursued Jesse James, spied for Lincoln (himself a detective-fiction fan), and smashed the heads of striking steel workers for Andrew Carnegie before settling down to become a reputable multimillion-dollar corporation which now has some 37,000 employees. Only about 5 percent of Pinkerton's work today is investigative, but that still requires close to 1000 detectives nationwide, including part-time help.

It was not until 1887 that Arthur Conan Doyle, borrowing substantially from Poe's detective hero, introduced Sherlock Holmes in "A Study in Scarlet." The detective's surname is believed by some to have been a tribute to American Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. "Of course, we've arrived at that conclusion through a process of deductive reasoning," concedes Dr. Julian Wolff, president of the Baker Street Irregulars.

Conan Doyle's novella was slow to catch on in England but was received enthusiastically in the United States. Like Poe before him, Conan Doyle made his hero a talented amateur, a designation closer to private eye than to police detective.

Exactly one year later, in 1888, William J. Burns, whom the *New York Times* would call "the only detective of genius this country has produced," made the decision to leave his father's tailor shop and become a full-time gumshoe. In addition

to founding the detective agency that carries his name, Burns headed the Bureau of Investigation, forerunner of the FBI. In those days police were proscribed from operating beyond their local boundaries. Only the private detective agencies had the freedom to chase criminals across state lines. The creation of the FBI in 1924 changed that.

But as the real-life private eye was giving way to the glamorous, omnipresent G-man, his fictional counterpart was being minted by Dashiell Hammett. Hammett, himself a Pinkerton operative for eight years, was familiar with the detective business as well as the conception of it in the popular mind. ("In 1917 in Washington, D.C., I met a young woman who did not remark that my work must be very interesting," he wrote in a March, 1923, issue of *Smart Set*.) Hammett disliked Conan Doyle and had nothing but contempt for fops like Philo Vance, according to his good friend Lillian Hellman; "his strongest influences were Feodor Dostoevsky and Henry James," she says.

Until the 1920s and the emergence of Hammett's Continental Op, the detective story had been fashioned primarily as a conundrum, an intellectual exercise, in part a product of society's wonder at the achievements of the scientific method.

What emerges for the first time in the works of Dashiell Hammett, and later in those of Raymond Chandler and Ross Macdonald, is a mood, an attitude, a cityscape. They not only see the poetry of the city but hear it, in the tone, the cadences, and the vulgarisms of urban speech.

Ted Carmady liked the rain; liked the feel of it, the sound of it, the smell of it. He got out of his La-Salle coupe and stood for a while by the side entrance to the Carondelet, the high collar of his blue suede ulster tickling his ears, his hands in his pockets and a limp cigarette sputtering between his lips. Then he went in past the barbershop and the perfume shop with its rows of delicately lighted bottles, ranged like the ensemble in the finale of a Broadway musical.

He rounded a gold veined pillar and got into an elevator with a cushioned floor.

"Lo Albert. A swell rain. Nine."

—"Guns at Cyrano's," Raymond Chandler

The detective story, Chandler once observed, had become worth reading even if the last chapter was torn out.

Hammett first incorporated into the detective novel the characteristic "hard-boiled" types that Hemingway was also experimenting with, and he developed the concept of the action novel, described by Chandler as "an effect of movement, intrigue, cross purposes and the gradual elucidation of character."

The prototypical private eye grew out of the 1920s, an age whose disposition was marked by postwar, post-Wilsonian disenchantment, by the hypocrisy and gangsterism of Prohibition, by the

labor unions' battles for rights and recognition and the often bloody repression of them, and by the Harding Era corruption.

These influences shaped a hero who was cynical, knew how to live with violence, and most significant of all, was divorced from and mistrustful of the official appendages of law and authority.

It should not be surprising that the private eye is being welcomed back by the present generation, a generation which has also been raised amid post-war disenchantment, excessive and repressive violence, the prohibition of a popular intoxicant, ubiquitous gangsterism, governmental corruption, and the failure of institutional morality.

When Jeremiah P. McAward gets on the Long Island Railroad for that long morning haul from Huntington to the city, he never carries a detective novel. "I'm a science fiction buff myself," he confesses. McAward is a large man with a thick black moustache, black horn-rimmed glasses, and black hair in tight wire curls. He doesn't stand out from the other commuters, and he's careful not to open his jacket in such a way as to reveal the .38 caliber special that's tucked into a waist holster inside his slacks. Although he has never used the weapon in the field, he admits that wearing it gives him a sense of confidence.

McAward Associates, Inc., 420 Lexington Avenue, is an average-size detective agency, about twenty employees give or take the part-time help, but it is more successful than most. In the past few years, about 40 percent of McAward's work has involved pre-employment background checks and about 10 percent electronic de-buggings.

McAward looks over his mail, speaks on the phone with two operatives. By his desk are two attaché cases: one conceals a tape recorder, the other a curious instrument known as a Psychological Stress Evaluator.

The PSE, McAward explains to me, is a new type of lie detector that measures the stress in the human voice. The peculiar stress involved in telling a lie changes the timbre of the voice and reduces the natural micromuscular tremor. In the hands of a skilled practitioner, the PSE is considerably more accurate than a polygraph, and since you can run a PSE chart off a tape recording, the subject need not even know he is being tested.

It is manufactured by Dektor Counterintelligence & Security, Inc., in Springfield, Virginia. Dektor is a complete undercover snooping shop, run by a group of former employees of government intelligence agencies. (Dektor was also the



1. Allan Pinkerton 2. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
3. Dashiell Hammett 4. Dust jacket from a Nancy Drew book 5. Jack Nicholson in Chinatown.

firm hired to account for the gaps in the presidential tapes.)

To illustrate the marvel of the \$3500 gadget, McAward pulls out a strip of graph paper about five feet long and two inches wide. "This is a PSE chart," McAward says. "Here we have a sentence from Nixon's Watergate speech. Now that he's not President, I can talk about him," he smiles. On the paper are odd mountains and valleys, above which three sentences have been scrawled: "I had no prior knowledge of the Watergate break-in. I neither took part in nor knew about any of the subsequent cover-up activities. I neither authorized nor encouraged subordinates to engage in illegal or improper campaign tactics."

McAward claims that any PSE man worth his cloak and dagger would immediately recognize that Nixon had been lying. "It clearly shows abnormal stress. Look at the change in the height of the waves on all the words of denial. '*No prior knowledge, neither authorized nor encouraged*,'—that indicates he's not telling the truth."

McAward's use for the instrument today is nothing so glamorous as uncovering high-level corruption. Handbags and inventory have been disappearing from the offices of a large New York corporation, and the presumption is that someone on the company payroll is responsible.

McAward and his vice president, John Leavy, conduct the investigation. They nose around, asking questions and taping interviews, which they then take back to the office and run through the PSE. They will make separate interpretations of the PSE charts and compare notes. Eventually McAward and Leavy will determine not only the identity of the thief (a messenger in the mailroom, with a clean record and a good reputation), but also the approximate time of day the thefts occurred. They will write a report stating their conclusions. Later, when confronted with the information by an executive of the company, the somewhat astonished messenger will admit to the thefts and explain the reason (he needed the money for a child's operation) and agree to work off his debt over a long period of time.

(It is common practice, McAward says, for large corporations to avoid the police and mete out justice or mercy according to their own rules. Even in large embezzlement cases, firms often use private eyes and seldom resort to prosecution.)

Unlike many of the big detective agencies, McAward doesn't demand that his operatives be former police or FBI men. "If a person can think on his feet, that's the whole game," he says. "I can teach surveillance, interviewing and interrogation techniques, that sort of thing."

For example, on a surveillance, McAward notes, the important thing is never to take your eyes off the subject. "If you're waiting for him to come out of a doorway, watch that doorway and don't even

blink. Unless your eyes are tearing you're going to miss him. Then, too, you must never speak to your subject. If you do he's sure to remember your face. And the most inconspicuous way to shadow, in New York City, anyway, is from a taxicab. We sometimes rent one for a day or so."

"It's harder than you'd think," McAward continues. "Don't print this, but I once lost a pregnant Indian who was wearing a red blanket and had a feather in her hair, in Macy's." I reply that he cannot tell me something like that and expect that I won't use it. "Really?" he asks. I nod. "All right, then." There is a pause and then he adds, "But she just evaporated. A two-hundred-pound Indian."

McAward describes the odd one-way relationship that the shadower develops toward his subject: "After a while you know everything about the guy, his background, his tastes, who his friends are, many of his intimate secrets. One time I was on the subway and I ran into someone I knew. I immediately yelled, 'Hi, Bob!' and the guy turned around and looked at me blankly and said, 'Do I know you?' It was then I realized that he was someone I had shadowed several months ago. We had never spoken to each other and he had never even seen me. But I knew him. Or I felt like I knew him. I made up some cock-and-bull story about how he looked like an old friend whose name also just happened to be Bob. He bought it, but it left me with a funny feeling."

McAward often works late, and sometimes takes a few drinks at an atmospheric businessman's bar at the end of a long day. But he always makes his way home to Huntington. "Even if it's two or three in the morning, I always go home to sleep. I feel I owe that much to my family. They should know I'll be there every night." Private eyes tend to be stable and dedicated husbands and fathers. "Private eyes have to be dependable, and family men are more likely to be," McAward explains.

In spite of this, the private eye has a very different public image, a mystique, even, which derives from the characteristics of his mythographical duplicate and from the fact that he is known as a man who carries a gun and steals people's secrets. How far from reality is the image? "Let me put it this way," McAward says, "if you really wanted to, you wouldn't have to sleep in the same bed very often."

The male private eye enjoys the advantage of an exaggerated image, but his female counterpart may derive some benefit from having almost no image at all. There have been lady detectives in fiction, but with the possible exception of Nancy Drew and Miss Marple, their names are not well known. In the real world, the number of women investigators is growing, largely because society is changing, and to an extent because it isn't: who suspects a woman of being a private eye?

Whatever Happened to Sam Spade?

Marie Ivory has been in the business for twenty-five years. She's from Belgium, but everybody calls her Frenchie. She dresses smartly, has an easy smile and a delightful accent. She got into the business by chance, when her marriage went on the rocks and she decided to look for a job. An employment agency offered her a choice of secretarial work with a religious outfit or with a detective agency. "I said, 'Give me the detective agency,' of course," Frenchie grins. Typing reports gave her an idea of what investigators have to look for, and eventually the agency began to send her out on cases.

"No one ever guesses I'm a detective," she says. "I was once on *What's My Line?* and no one guessed. I won fifty dollars. Dorothy Kilgallen said, 'You'll have to wear a moustache from now on.' But people don't remember."

Frenchie often works undercover in offices; she's spent long nights "smooching" with a colleague in a car in order to see who went into a factory; she's investigated pharmacies that filled prescriptions with substitute drugs; she helped break a case involving counterfeit perfumes; and she once got a free cruise to Nassau to hunt thieves among the crew of a luxury liner.

"The only thing I don't like is when you have to get friendly with someone and then turn them in. I don't like that," she says. Frenchie never remarried and she is happy with her career. "It is always different, never the same job."

It is revealing of the era we live in that one of the fastest growing branches of the detective business is something called "executive protection." As the Burns Executive Handbook succinctly points out: "Protection against terrorism is not a course taught at business schools. Perhaps it ought to be . . . terrorism is today a matter of concern to virtually every businessman."

Burns International Investigations Bureau, located in Miami, is headed by a multilingual Englishman, a former British intelligence officer. The bureau uses both American and native agents in its worldwide security and investigative network. The international division may do anything from investigating a copyright infringement to checking out an executive's butler to planning the procedure in case of kidnapping. "The businessman need not be frightened," the handbook reassures. "Fear accomplishes little. If the businessman is aware of what he must and must not do in the interest of his security and acts accordingly, he can feel confident and lead a relatively normal life."

Some large multinational corporations have even set up their own security-investigations-intelligence networks, with ears, and some say even fingers, that press close to the political ganglia of host countries.

Private eye fiction has not yet peeked into that Pandora's box. Perhaps the political ambiguities are overwhelming. Perhaps it is simply too distant from the genre's central starting point, the some-

times cruel, sometimes comprehensible, but always fascinating crime of murder.

"There simply must be a corpse in a detective novel," S. S. Van Dine, creator of Philo Vance, wrote in the *American* magazine for September, 1928. "After all, the reader's trouble and expenditure of energy must be rewarded."

Even so, only a careless reader is led to believe that the American private eye is engaged in the business of solving murders as a matter of routine. Invariably he is performing some mundane service, tracking down a runaway daughter or shadowing an unfaithful spouse, when he unexpectedly "stumbles" onto the body. He is then helplessly and inevitably drawn into the tangle of people and relationships that comprise "the case."

"Be reasonable," I said. "I didn't want to get mixed up with these people—still don't—but a fat lot of good that's doing me. Well, I can't just blunder out of it. I've got to see."

—*The Thin Man*, Dashiell Hammett

The real private eye seldom encounters fresh corpses and rarely investigates what produced them. "It does happen occasionally, of course," says Pinkerton's assistant director of investigations, Kyle Clark. "But not often." Clark came to Pinkerton three years ago, following a twenty-year career in the FBI. He has a generous paunch, sparse gray hair, and bright blue eyes behind modified aviator-style bifocals. There's a sharp cleft in his strong chin and his voice is pleasantly gruff. He wears two rings, one a diamond-studded Shriners' emblem, the other made from an FBI award pendant.

"We're not competing with local law enforcement, you understand, and they'd be the ones to handle a murder normally."

"But?" I prod, stubbornly trying to get at the facts.

"Well, for instance, we did an investigation at a hospital—I won't tell you where—they were having a sharp rise in their death rate. It was a small town with a poor police chief and the hospital knew it, so they asked us to conduct the investigation. We got releases from the D.A. to act in lieu of the police."

"We put two investigators on the case. They discovered that one of the employees was quietly disposing of the patients. A premed student who was working as an orderly. He was turning off oxygen, giving injections, all sorts of things."

"Did you find out why?" I ask.

"For fun. The kid went off his lid. His brother had recently died of leukemia, and his mother of cancer."

Such cases are out of the ordinary. More often, private eyes find themselves posing as freight handlers to discover who's stealing the Sonys, or sitting around a bar, watching the bartender to see if he is ringing up all the drinks. Department stores hire detectives to check up on sales help and trap shoplifters. Burns operatives guarded the million

dollars in gems used in the film *The Great Gatsby*, provided security for visiting Soviet gymnast Olga Korbut, and acted as a private secret service agent for Nelson Rockefeller while he was governor.

There were private eyes on both sides of the Watergate investigation; there's a firm that does nothing but hire out undercover narcotics agents to small-town police departments; and in Florida in the late 1960s, Governor Claude Kirk hired a small army of Wackenhut detectives to wage an abortive "crusade against crime." The Legal Aid Society uses investigators to build a client's defense, and since about 1966, New York County law has contained an article providing for court appointments of private eyes for indigent defendants.

In fiction the private eye is shown as free from the rigamarole that encumbers policemen. In actuality, it is usually the opposite. As one private eye (a retired policeman) told me: "If a cop wants to beat some information out of some punk, he can do it. And he generally does. But if a private eye tried something like that he'd lose his license so fast you wouldn't believe it. So we have to pay the same punk to get the same information."

"It helps to have friends on the force," says John Foster, a wiry ex-private eye now working in the mail-order business. "But you still have to pay for it. A hundred bucks here, a hundred bucks there. You have to, but it's worth it."

Most private eyes avoid violence and fire their guns only at cardboard targets. "The fallacy of detective fiction," San Francisco private eye Harold Lipset says, "is that the writers think they have to add violence. I don't carry a gun, and I wouldn't hire anyone who packs a revolver or gets his ideas about the business from the movies and books. I'd prefer to hire an investigative reporter, someone like that."

Occasionally, private investigators are asked to do what the police don't or won't do. McAward presently has such a case. He was hired by the lawyer for one William P. Nallan, a forty-three-year-old recording engineer from Wantagh, New York. Nallan was on the executive board of Local 52 of the International Alliance of Theatrical, Stage and Motion Picture Operators. According to McAward, Nallan was working to clean up corruption in the union; in particular, the alleged selling of union membership at \$10,000 per union card. Quite naturally, Nallan made some powerful enemies.

On September 30, 1970, Nallan arrived early for an evening meeting at the building where union headquarters had offices. As he stood in the lobby signing the register, he was quietly approached from behind and shot through the back. The bullet severed his spinal cord and came to rest an inch from his heart. Nallan lived, but he will be paralyzed from the waist down for the rest of his life. There were no witnesses.

"We know who shot him," McAward says, "or rather who sent out the order to have him shot. It's just a matter of getting enough proof together to make a solid case. The D.A. could break it if he worked hard enough, but they have murders to solve and hardly bother with 'mere' crippings."

In addition to the criminal aspects, McAward is trying to piece together two civil suits: one against the union and the other against the building. But so far it's been difficult, and McAward has not had much cooperation from the authorities.

Respectable businessmen turn increasingly to agencies like McAward Associates and International Intelligence, Inc. (headed by Robert Peloquin, former chief of the Justice Department's Organized Crime Strike Force) for advice about whether a prospective partner or investor is connected with the Mafia. It has become a common ploy of organized crime to infiltrate a legitimate business and suck the blood from it later. Both McAward and "Intertel" have large and expanding files of people, corporations, and union locals that are associated with the Mafia.

On the other hand, gangsters often hire private eyes for de-buggings, and sometimes request surveillance or other services, often of a legal nature. Arrangements are usually worked out inconspicuously, through a lawyer.

Since most private detective agencies do industrial counterespionage and de-bugging, there is an implication that some are doing espionage and bugging. "Don't kid yourself," says John Foster, who lost his license when he was caught wiretapping in 1959, "private eyes still bug. The price has just gone way up."

One of the nation's most extraordinary private eyes heads a large detective agency based in El Paso, Texas. He has become unusually successful and wealthy, despite the fact that he is a double amputee. (He lost his hands in an explosion when he was twelve.) Metal hooks and a black belt make him a devastating karate opponent. He also claims to have a .22 caliber revolver built into his artificial right arm. The forty-two-year-old investigator's unlikely name is Jay J. Armes.

Having conquered the detective business in life, Armes is going to take a crack at it in fiction. He has already filmed the pilot for a CBS-TV series based on his own exploits, to be called simply *The Investigator*. Presumably, he will be the first private eye ever to play himself on camera.

"I want to clean up the business' image," Armes told me in a phone interview from Brazil, where he was working on a "mission," the nature of which he would not divulge. "TV and movies always show private eyes as bruisers playing both ends against the middle. They never show the scientific research, the shoe leather, the brain power that goes into it."

Armes, who has a degree in criminology, says he has never had an unsolved case and boasts that he could find Patricia Hearst within three weeks. Armes makes the bizarre claim that the Hearst family doesn't want her found. Armes also alleges that a magazine (whose name he would not reveal) offered to pay half the \$500,000 fee he is demanding for the job, if the Hearsts would pay the rest. According to Armes, the magazine was told to "mind its own business." Randolph Hearst says none of that is so. "I don't know of any magazine that's come to me," he says. "Anyway, the most we would have said is, 'No, we're sorry.'"

The son of a grocer, Armes says he worked himself up from a small-time private eye to a big-time private eye the hard way. He doesn't drink or smoke, and never takes a vacation.

The private eye of fiction watches society change around him, but he and his job remain essentially the same. ("A garbage collector in the moral field," Ross Macdonald wrote.) The private eye in life enjoys no such stability. His profession is 125 years old, and as it changes and ages, so does he.

Aaron H. Green, sixty-seven, runs an outfit called the Agency for Investigation and Detection. He started it in the 1930s as a process-serving agency and developed it into Manhattan's largest matrimonial agency, with twelve detectives on the staff. Cary Grant was a client. Green himself became known as a master wiretapper. The *Daily News* did an article on him. Today Green's firm is a process-serving agency again.

"We still use investigative work in serving papers and in locating people and assets," says Green. "But it's not like it was in the old days."

* * *

It is 3:15. Freeman spots the kid, a frail-looking youth in a green Army surplus jacket with a fur-trimmed hood. "Looks like Chicken Little, don't he?" Freeman mutters, "just waiting for the sky to fall down on top of him."

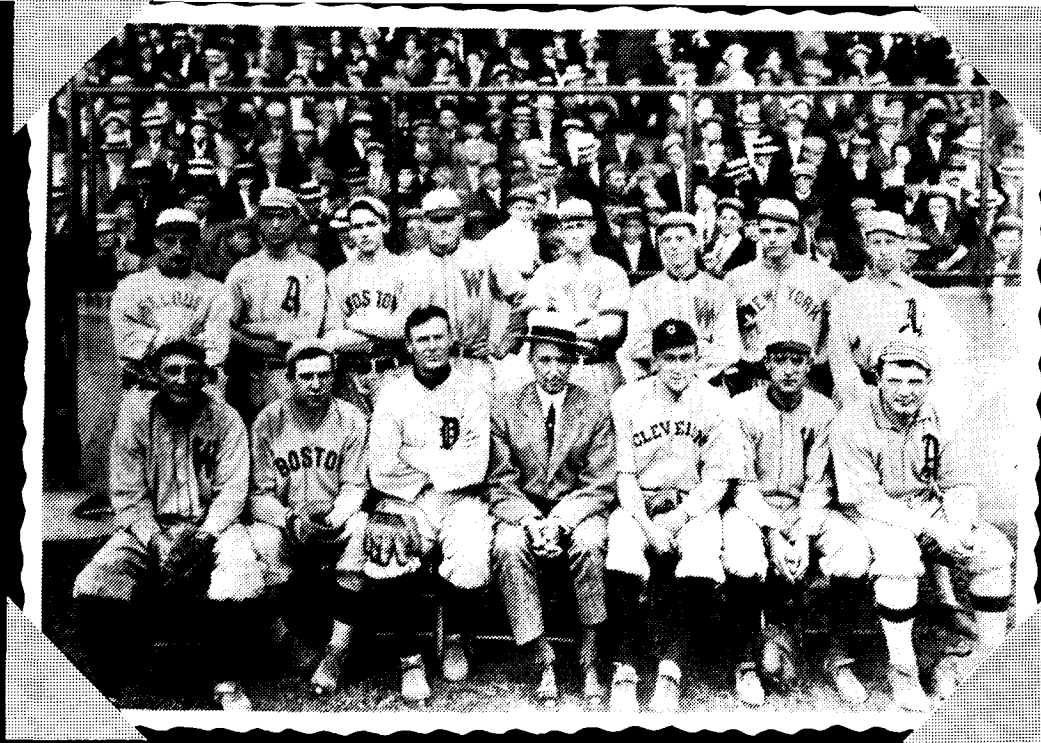
Suddenly a black limousine pulls up in front of the school, a door swings open, then abruptly shuts. The car speeds away and the boy is gone.

Freeman has noted the license number. He crosses the street to a telephone booth and dials his office. "They took him," Freeman whispers into the mouthpiece. "Aunt picked him up. Guess she was afraid he'd catch cold in this weather."

Freeman lights a cigarette, cupping his stiff fingers around the shivering yellow flame. The sky has turned implacably gray, and Freeman feels a vague uneasiness. Ignoring it, he turns his collar up against the wind, and walks on down Ninety-first Street. □

1. Raymond Chandler 2. Ian Carmichael as Lord Peter Wimsey 3. Paul Newman as Harper 4. Basil Rathbone in the role of Sherlock Holmes 5. Myrna Loy, Asta, and William Powell in *After the Thin Man*.





A DAY FOR ADDIE JOSS

by David Markson

It happened sixty-odd years ago: a benefit game for the widow of a Cleveland pitcher whose name is seldom heard today. But the memory of Addie Joss brought together most of baseball's early and legendary heroes.

How does one explain baseball nostalgia? The photograph you see with this piece was taken in Cleveland, Ohio, on July 24, 1911. Even the most durable players in it were relics when I was born, and virtually all are now long dead. So why do I find myself staring at it, repeatedly, with an almost uncanny fascination?

Is it the lure of boyhood innocence? How could I *not* be drawn irresistibly back to Ty Cobb, or Walter Johnson, or Smokey Joe Wood, when these were the legends we fed upon?

But there is something more here. This just may be the greatest single team ever gathered on one playing field at one time.

Will any fan quite believe this batting order?

1. Tris Speaker, CF
2. Eddie Collins, 2B
3. Ty Cobb, RF
4. Home Run Baker, 3B
5. Wahoo Sam Crawford, LF
6. Hal Chase, 1B
7. Bobby Wallace, SS
8. Gabby Street, C

Pause for a moment over the pitchers already named, Johnson and Wood, and the concept becomes almost mythic. Yet these American League All-Stars took the field for a game against Cleveland.

Actually, the occasion was a bleak one, and unrelated to the annual interleague All-Star games

which began in the 1930s. Instead, it was a benefit for the widow of Cleveland pitcher Addie Joss, who had died that spring of tubercular meningitis.

Because of a technicality calling for ten full years of major-league play, Joss is ineligible for baseball's Hall of Fame and is little remembered today; but there are any number of "immortals" at Cooperstown who do not belong in the same dug-out with the man. In less than nine years, Joss won 160 games while losing 97—compared, say, to Catfish Hunter, who stood at 161 and 113 after ten. He pitched one no-hitter and one perfect game, and he put together an earned-run average which to this day remains the second best in baseball history. (For the record, it is 1.88. Ed Walsh's is 1.82. Hunter's is 3.13. By way of further comparison, Sandy Koufax finished at 2.76.)

Joss died on April 14, 1911, two days after his thirty-first birthday. It is evidently typical of his personality that though he collapsed for the first time after a pre-season exhibition game—already well into March—he rejoined the team after one night's hospitalization, and with an apology for what he called his "baby tricks." Only the fatal illness of Lou Gehrig, three decades later, would claim a star as generally respected.

Considering the times, his "day" that July proved an extraordinary success. Seats in Cleveland's League Park were priced between \$1.25 (boxes) and 25¢ (the bleachers), and some 15,281 fans contributed more than \$11,000 to attend. Special subscriptions—including a \$25 gift from Connie Mack—brought in \$2000 more. In the game itself, the visiting All-Stars scored two runs on consecutive first-inning hits by Speaker, Collins, and Cobb, and then idled to a 5-3 victory.

Not that Cleveland was wholly shamed by the competition. Though Napoleon Lajoie played only half the game as a substitute first baseman, he breathed such charisma into the era that the team was actually called the Naps in his honor, and he was of course long established as one of Cobb's few certified batting rivals. One year earlier, in fact, an automobile had been offered to the winner of the American League title; Cobb hit .385, Lajoie .384.

Too, Cleveland's starting pitcher, though forty-four years old, was a still-perspiring myth named Cy Young, already the winner of 500 games. (Johnson is the only other pitcher ever to win 400.) And batting third was a rookie South Carolina outfielder named Joe Jackson who literally could not read or write, but who was already on his way toward a .408 season, the most remarkable first-year average ever recorded.

Undaunted, Cobb hit .420. In fact, while Shoeless Joe Jackson would reach .395 and .373 in the

next two years, Cobb would register .410 and .390. Or, as a character in Damon Runyon once had it, "If Jackson and Speaker and Collins and Lajoie and Crawford was to go crazy and hit .999, this Cobb would come out on top with 1.000 even."

In the Joss benefit game, Cobb contributed two singles in four trips—but in all fairness, he showed up with a bad cold. (This might also explain Ty's borrowed Cleveland uniform in the photo, perhaps derived from a last-minute decision to play at all.)

Yet Cobb alone does not a "greatest team" make. If my contention about this one is valid, it is surely worth contemplating that lineup at greater length:



Speaker. Joe DiMaggio and Willie Mays may have been his equal; still, this man somehow remains *the* defensive center fielder; he was almost a Platonic ideal. Playing so close to second base that he often seemed a fifth infielder. Speaker threw out more base runners than any outfielder before or since—and at least once took a *pick-off throw* from the catcher. He also left a lifetime batting average of .344, compared with .325 for DiMaggio and .302 for Mays.

Speaker mastered his trade in the days of the dead ball; DiMaggio and Mays, with the lively ball, were obviously able to display more home-run power. Then again, Speaker is the all-time leader in doubles, and sixth in triples, categories in which Joe and Willie are not contenders. All three are, of course, the stuff of legend.

Incidentally, Speaker was hardly so squat as he might appear in the photo. There are only five chairs for the seven players in the front row; the incomparable Grey Eagle is unassumingly straddling two of them.



Collins. How, I wonder, will we explain the electricity of a Jackie Robinson—those "intangibles" that comprise his greatness—to a later generation that can judge him only on the basis of his fairly common statistics? The same problem arises with Collins, already deeply shadowed by the batting records of Lajoie and Rogers Hornsby. Yet in his day no one would have traded

Collins even-up for either. Lajoie was his peer defensively, but only Cobb was a more competitive athlete or a more *urgent* base runner, and even Connie Mack deferred to Collins' judgments on baseball strategy. In fact, John McGraw once named him the finest all-around player who ever lived.

It is also next to ridiculous to disregard him as a hitter. Collins batted over .340 in ten different seasons. Stan Musial did that seven times. Taken together, Mays, Hank Aaron, and Mickey Mantle did it a total of five.

Unfortunately, Collins had to settle for second place in as many batting races as Jackson did, and for the same reason.



Cobb. What more to say about the man? One by one, over the decades, his records fall—like chips hacked from a redwood. Staying on as a designated hitter, Aaron will scrape away a few more (though never, presumably, the 4191 total hits). Through it all one can only be reminded of Lefty O'Doul's delicious joke, when he was asked in 1960 what Cobb might hit were he playing then: "Only about .340—though you have to take into consideration that he is seventy-three years old."

But let me put him into one possibly new perspective. Through twenty-four years, Cobb had a lifetime batting average of .367. In the game's most recent twenty-four years, only one player, Ted Williams, has hit that high in a *single season*.



Baker. There are only three third basemen in the Hall of Fame, many fewer than players at any other position, which automatically gives Baker considerable cachet. While he may have had as much range as either, both Pie Traynor and Jimmy Collins (whose handsome ghost has truly faded into the mists of pre-history) were unquestionably better all-around fielders. ("Hornsby doubled down the left-field line," the saying went, "and Traynor threw him out at first.") Nonetheless, when our photo was taken, Baker was also setting his sights on the first of four consecutive home-run titles, an exceptional achievement with the dead ball.

Or with *any* ball, when one considers that presumably stronger hitters, such as Ted Williams or Harmon Killebrew or Jimmie Foxx, never man-

aged it. Only Babe Ruth in the same league, with six in a row, dominated for a longer stretch.

Today, of course, we tend to cast a skeptical eye on Baker's nickname—forgetting the thousands of hitters who *didn't* earn it. Not for nothing, on a team this sinewy, did Washington manager Jimmy McAleer choose to bat him cleanup. (Unjustly, we make the same type of mistake about Tinker, Evers, and Chance, because of that silly F.P.A. poem. Evers was a heads-up bundle of nerves who played like six Eddie Stankys, and Tinker hit Christy Mathewson like a cousin.)



Crawford. Like Baker, Crawford hammered the dead ball a Wahoo, Nebraska, mile; and frequently enough to become the only man on the books with more than 300 triples. In an era when demolition personnel like Yastrzemski and Cepeda and Banks have gone through entire seasons without once recording a three-bagger, the question is not how many of Crawford's hits would be home runs, but how many of his long *outs* would carry past today's fences.

In fact it is edifying to glance at Cobb in the photo, front-row center next to manager McAleer, and then to consider Crawford where he has assertively taken a place as Cobb's opposite number. The pair were such rivals that they often refused to speak, to the extent that an occasional uncalled-for fly thunked between them in the Detroit outfield. But the point here is that it demanded rather more than bland arrogance to confront Cobb in that manner. Crawford also owned the credentials (even if some of them were still more of those second-bests in seasonal batting races).



Chase. Generally, Chase approached the game of baseball with all the inevitable ease of genius; too often, however, this same indolence could mean that the day's game was fixed. Most of his contemporaries knew this about Prince Hal, though the euphemism was that he didn't quite "feel" like playing.

Surely Walter Johnson knew, next to Chase in the back row. Johnson, the game's "decent" man, who never once threw near a batter for fear of hurting him, and who was never heard to utter a blasphemy. Everyone else in the photo stands

shoulder to shoulder; has Johnson edged away from Chase with reason?

Letting such speculations lie, one fact remains indisputable: Hal Chase was the greatest fielding first baseman who ever put on a glove.



Wallace. Ask any fan under the age of fifty to name the exemplary fielder known as Mister Shortstop, and the answer will be Marty Marion. Bobby Wallace was called Mister Shortstop

before Slat Marion was born.

Wallace suffered one inescapable misfortune in an otherwise exceptional twenty-five year career: he spent almost that entire span in the shadow of a bowlegged Pennsylvania Dutchman named Honus Wagner. So has every shortstop since. With all of that solid wood up ahead of him, the .268 hole in Wallace's bat diminishes this team not one iota.



Street. Though he is said to have held on to a ball dropped from the Washington Monument, and was also Walter Johnson's battery mate in the latter's first few summers,

Gabby Street's only other claim to fame is that he once endured several innings behind the plate as a forty-eight-year-old manager. He is the team's one soft spot.

On the other hand, it can honestly be said that catching was unimpressive in the era. (Such things do move in cycles; witness Bill Dickey, Mickey Cochrane, and Gabby Hartnett, all roughly contemporaneous—and leaving Ernie Lombardi still bereft of a ticket to Cooperstown by comparison.) Only Roger Bresnahan and Johnny Kling, both in the other league, were outstanding, and both had seen better days. Street still possesses as good a name as any.

So much for McAleer's starters—whose combined earnings in 1911, it might be noted, totaled substantially less than is currently being donated to a perennial apprentice like Ed Kranepool.

Among the pitchers, I have already listed Johnson and Smokey Joe Wood. Johnson, of course, is the baseball wraith who never appears in an anecdote that doesn't occur "at dusk"—since that fast ball might have at least been *glimpsed* at 2 P.M. The Big Train, first in all-time strikeouts, first in

shutouts—and generally toiling deep in the second division of the American League. Mathewson was as good. Perhaps Koufax was also, for one third the period of time.

One statistic. Depending upon whose computerized/updated new record book one genuflects before, Johnson's shutout total is either 110, or 112, or 113. The two most recent Hall of Fame pitchers with careers that match Johnson's in duration, Warren Spahn and Early Wynn, accumulated 112 between them.

Curiously, however, the starting pitcher in the 1911 game was Joe Wood, then only twenty-one years old and en route to a 20-win season, but coming off a mediocre 12-and-13 the year before. Someone knew something, however. One year later Smokey Joe would turn in an awesome 34-and-5, including a string of 16 straight to tie a league record set by Johnson earlier that same season. In fact he would checkmate Johnson 1-0 in a highly publicized match-up near the end of the run, and also go on to take three World Series games from McGraw's Giants.

Along with Street and Chase (who belongs, but like Joe Jackson, was banned after the "Say it ain't so" scandal of 1919), Wood is the only other All-Star starter not in the Hall of Fame, though any number of older baseball men shake their heads over this. A pain-ridden shoulder put an end to the "smoke" after that stunning 1912 season, but on control alone he was able to post marks like 9-and-3, or 15-and-5, and his lifetime ERA remains third on the all-time list behind Addie Joss's own. (Big Ed Walsh, the saliva master of the old White Sox, is number one. On the Hitless Wonders, he had to be.)

Still later, Wood put in several competent years as an outfielder. One of the most touching lines in Lawrence S. Ritter's masterpiece about early baseball, *The Glory of Their Times*, is spoken by Wood about his determination to hang on after his arm was completely lame: "I was a *ballplayer*, not just a pitcher."

Much of baseball's romance, of course, lies in its tales of injured young stars and the fantasy of what might have been (Pistol Pete Reiser is another classic case), but there is an especially poignant irony in the notion of Wood walking out to face Cy Young in the Joss Day event. Even when he would finally surrender to reality at the end of that season, Young would insist that his arm was still fine—it was the bunts that were killing him. To all intents and purposes, Wood was finished at *half* Young's age.

Be that as it may, something about the Joss benefit must have inspired him in passing. Five days later, in his next regular start for Boston, Wood threw a no-hitter against St. Louis.

Between them, Wood and Johnson allowed Cleveland three hits and one run in five innings,

and then a New York Highlander named Russell Ford finished up. If I have regarded Gabby Street as the team's lone corporal, Ford is undeniably its anonymous hussar—though the case was anything but this at the time. A year earlier, Ford had startled baseball with a 26-win rookie season, and even at the expense of a paragon like Walsh, or Connie Mack's amazing triad of Chief Bender, Ed-die Plank, and Jack Coombs, no one would have questioned his presence in the All-Star bullpen. (Compare, for example, the sensation which accrued to Vida Blue's first full season of 24-and-8 in 1971, actually less impressive than Ford's in several respects.) Ford would surpass the 20 mark in the season at hand also, but after only four more years, all of them erratic, he would be gone from the majors.

Manager McAleer, whose own playing days had begun in the paleolithic era of Cap Anson and Old Hoss Radbourn, had a three-man bench for the exhibition, and sent in two of the three. One, the swift Washington outfielder Clyde Milan, replaced Speaker midway along, and the other, a reserve catcher from the A's named Paddy Livingston, took over for Street.

Not called upon was Germany Schaefer, an infielder of journeyman talents who is alleged to have stolen second base once, gone thundering back to first on the next pitch, and then stolen second *again*.

Then again, Schaefer was chosen to handle the megaphone for the game—lest we forget how long ago all of this was.

The prose in the next day's Cleveland *Plain Dealer* will remind us equally well, however. It reads:

"Addie Joss still lives!

"His body may be molding into dust in the damp earth of Woodlawn Cemetery, Toledo, O., far away from the cheers of a major league crowd, but his spirit remains a potent, living thing in the sphere where his name won an honorable place."

Or again, after the first three All-Stars leaned hard on Cy Young's own mortality:

"Each of the trio hit the ball and directed it to portions untrammelled by the spikes of Nap performers. The result was that the picked aggregation gained a lead of two runs."

Or elsewhere, when the All-Stars were identified as "the choicest specimens of baseball ability"; when Street once "smote one on the off side and sent it glimmering to right"; when Chase demonstrated "healthy stick manipulation"—and when the full day's occupation appeared "in every sense baseballlic."

Still, sportswriter J. P. Garvey sensed whereat things stood:

"Leave that combination together very long and there would be no American League."

True enough—even if I may be wrong about just how good a team this was. But suppose, let's say, a photograph exists from the 1933 or 1934 All-Star game, of players from *both* leagues, and with blood in the eye of Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Al Simmons, Bill Terry, Bob Grove, Frank Frisch, Jimmie Foxx, Carl Hubbell, Chuck Klein—would even Hal Chase's bookie suggest that I hedge my bets?

One thing is certain, the picture would have to lack this one's charm—from those high-necked uniforms and old A's caps to Jimmy McAleer's tilting skimmer and the stickpin below that detachable collar. Nor can we dismiss the crowd in the grandstand without a wistful moment. Am I wrong in discerning only one fan—including even the youngsters—who has ventured to the stadium without a hat? Or only one dutiful woman anywhere in view?

So long ago, and forever lost . . . and yet as I write this, two of the All-Stars are still alive: Smokey Joe and the substitute catcher, Livingston. Oddly enough, with only 120 lifetime hits in half a dozen years, Livingston on his best day was a second-stringer, and would have been at the Joss game only to warm up the pitchers. Being sent in and then going one-for-two must surely have been the high point of his career.

Or wouldn't he even remember, these sixty-four years later? At ninety-five, Paddy Livingston is now evidently the oldest former major leaguer. Franklin D. Roosevelt would be younger. So would Sacco and Vanzetti, or Rudolph Valentino, or Sergeant Joyce Kilmer.

So, for that matter, would Addie Joss. □

AN AUGUST EVENING

My son's face in the mirror
all eyes and lashes, and warm
vulnerable flesh of cheeks,
mixed with the empty fields
behind his back he had
not looked into, understood,
or ever traveled. Last night
out riding in the car, top
down, the wind went through his
hair, ruffled it about
his eyes and ears the way
my wife in her great long love
takes his face in her
hands and brings it
near her own.

by Greg Kuzma

THE LAST MOHICAN BETWEEN Khabarovsk and Moscow

by Paul Theroux

Living it up on the Trans-Siberian Express.

Afterwards, whenever I thought of the Trans-Siberian Express, I saw stainless steel bowls of borscht spilling in the dining car of the *Rossiya* as it rounded a bend on its way from Khabarovsk to Moscow, and at the curve a clear sight from the window of our green and black steam locomotive. From Skovorodino onward, its eruptions of steamy smoke diffused the sunlight and drifted into the forest so that the birches smoldered and the magpies made for the sky. I saw the gold-tipped pines at sunset and the snow, lying softly around clumps of brown grass, like cream poured over the ground; the yachtlike snowplows at Zima; the ochreous flare of the floodlit factory chimneys at Irkutsk; Marinsk in early morning, black cranes and black buildings and escaping figures casting long shadows on the tracks as they ran toward the lighted station. I thought of the ice chest of frost between the cars; the protrusion of Lenin's white forehead at every stop; and the passengers imprisoned in hard class: fur hats, fur leggings, blue gym suits, crying children, and such a powerful smell of sardines, body odor, cabbage, and stale tobacco that even at the five-minute stops the Russians jumped onto the snowy platform to risk pneumonia for a breath of fresh air. And there were the bad food, the stupid economies, and the men and women, strangers to each other, who shared the same compartment. Most of all, I thought of it as an experience in which time had the trick distortions of a dream: the *Rossiya* ran on Moscow time, and after a lunch of cold yellow potatoes, a soup of fat lumps called *solyanka*, and a carafe of port that tasted like cough syrup, I would ask the time and be told it was four o'clock in the morning.

The other passengers in soft class were either suspicious, drunk, or unpleasant: a Goldi (Goldis

are Siberian aborigines, related to Eskimos) and his White Russian wife and small leathery child rode in a nest of boots and blankets; there were two aggrieved Canadians who ranted to two Australian librarians about the insolence of the *provodnik* (porter); an elderly Russian lady who did the whole trip wearing the same frilly nightgown; a Georgian who looked as if he had problems at the other end; and several alcoholics who played noisy games of dominoes in their pajamas. Conversation was hopeless, sleep was alarming, and the perversity of the clocks confounded my appetite. That first day I wrote in my diary, "Despair makes me hungry."

The dining car was packed. Everyone had vegetable soup, then an omelette wrapped around a Wiener schnitzel, served by two waitresses—a very fat lady who bossed the diners incessantly, and a pretty black-haired girl who doubled as scullion and looked as if she might jump off the train at the next clear opportunity. I ate my lunch, and the three Russians at my table tried to bum cigarettes from me. As I had none, we attempted a conversation: they were going to Omsk, I was an American. Then they left. I cursed myself for not having bought a Russian phrase book.

I stayed in the dining car, sipping the sticky wine, watching the scenery change from flat snowfields to hills. The drooping sun gilded them beautifully, and I expected to see people in the shallow woods. I stared for an hour, but saw none. Nor could I establish where we were, and it was only in the evening that I learned we had passed through Poshkovo, on the Chinese border.

The fat waitress' name was Anna Feyodorovna, and though she screamed at her fellow countrymen, she was pleasant to me, and urged me to call her Annushka. I did, and she rewarded me with a special dish, cold potatoes and chicken—dark sinewy meat that was like some dense textile. Annushka watched me eat. She winked over her glass of tea (she dipped bread into the tea and sucked it) and then cursed a cripple who sat down at my

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table. Eventually she banged a steel plate of potatoes and fatty meat in front of him.

The cripple ate slowly, lengthening the awful meal by sawing carefully at his meat. A waiter went by and there was a smash. The waiter had dropped an empty carafe onto our table, shattering the cripple's glass. The cripple went on eating with exquisite sangfroid, refusing to acknowledge the waiter who was muttering apologies as he picked up pieces of broken glass from the table. Then the waiter plucked an enormous sliver of glass from the cripple's mashed potatoes. The cripple choked and pushed the plate away. The waiter got him a new meal.

"*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" asked the cripple.

"Yes, but very badly."

"I speak a little," he said in German. "I learned it in Berlin. Where are you from?"

I told him. He said, "What do you think of the food here?"

"Not bad, but not very good."

"I think it's very bad," he said. "What's the food like in America?"

"Wonderful," I said.

He said, "Capitalist! You are a capitalist!"

"Perhaps."

"Capitalism bad, communism good."

"Bullshit," I said in English, then in German, "You think so?"

"In America people kill each other with pistols. *Pah! Pah! Pah!* Like that."

"I don't have a pistol."

"What about the Negroes? The black people?"

"What about them?"

"You kill them."

"Who tells you these things?"

"Newspapers. I read it for myself. Also it's on the radio all the time."

"Soviet radio," I said.

"Soviet radio is good radio," he said.

The radio in the dining car was playing jazzy organ music. It was on all day, and even in the compartments—each one had a loudspeaker—it continued to mutter because it could not be turned off completely. I jerked my thumb at the loudspeaker and said, "Soviet radio is too loud."

He guffawed. Then he said, "I'm an invalid. Look here—no foot, just a leg. No foot, no foot!"

He raised his felt boot and squashed the toe with the ferrule of his cane. He said, "I was in Kiev during the war, fighting the Germans. They were shooting, *Pah! Pah!*—like that. I jumped into the water and started swimming. It was winter—cold water—very cold water! They shot my foot off, but I didn't stop swimming. Then another time my captain said to me, 'Look, more Germans,' and in the snow, very deep snow . . ."

That night I slept poorly on my bench-sized bunk, dreaming of goose-stepping Germans with pitchforks, wearing helmets like the *Rossiya's* soup bowls; they forced me into an icy river. I woke. My feet lay exposed in the cold draft from the window; the blanket had slipped off, and the blue night-light of the compartment made me think of an operating theater. I took an aspirin and slept until it was light enough in the corridor to find the toilet. That day, around noon, we stopped at Skovorodino. The *provodnik*, my jailer, showed a young bearded man into my compartment. This was Vladimir. He was going to Irkutsk, which was two days away. For the rest of the afternoon Vladimir said no more. He read Russian paperbacks with patriotic pictures on their covers, and I looked out the window. Once I had thought of a train window as allowing me freedom to gape at the world; now it seemed an imprisoning thing, and at times took on the opacity of a cell wall.

At one bend outside Skovorodino I saw we were being pulled by a giant steam locomotive. I diverted myself by trying (although Vladimir sucked his teeth in disapproval) to snap a picture of it as it rounded curves, shooting plumes of smoke out its side. The smoke rolled beside the train and rose slowly through the forests of birch and the Siberian cedars, where there were footprints on the ground and signs of dead fires, but not a soul to be seen. The countryside then was so changeless it might have been a picture pasted against the window. It put me to sleep. I dreamed of a particular cellar in high school, then woke and saw Siberia and almost cried. Vladimir had stopped reading. He sat against the wall sketching on a pad with colored pencils, a picture of telephone poles. I crept into the corridor. One of the Canadians had his face turned to the miles of snow.

He said, "Thank God we're getting off this pretty soon. How far are you going?"

"Moscow, then the train to London."

He said, "I don't know what day it is. It's going to be Christmas soon. Hey, did you see that house burning back there?"

"No." The previous day he had said, "Did you see the truck that was crossing the river and crashed through the ice? Well, the back wheels anyway." I wondered if he made it up. He was perpetually seeing disasters and events. I looked out the window and saw my anxious reflection.

I went back into the compartment.

Vladimir had stopped sketching. He looked up and said, "*Chai?*"

I understood. The Swahili word for tea is also *chai*. He hollered for the *provodnik*. Over tea and cookies I had my first Russian lesson, copying the words down phonetically on a notebook page: a dreary occupation, but it passed the time and was preferable to dozing into nightmares.

The dining car that night was empty and very

The Last Mohican Between Khabarovsk and Moscow

cold. There was frost on the windows, and such a chill in the air that the breath of the arguing employees was visible in steamy clouds. Vassily Prokofyevich, the manager, was doing his accounts, snapping his abacus. I had been in the dining car often enough to know that by late afternoon Vassily, a short, scar-faced man, was drunk. He jumped up and showed me his breath—vodka-scented steam—then dragged out a case of beer and demonstrated how the beer had frozen inside the bottles. He rubbed one in his hands to thaw it for me and barked at Nina, the black-haired girl. Nina brought me a plate of smoked salmon and some sliced bread. Vassily pointed to the salmon and said, "*Kita!*"

I said, "*Eto karasho kita.*"

Vassily was pleased. He told Nina to get me some more.

I tapped on the frosty window and said, "*Eto okhnor.*"

"*Da, da.*" Vassily poured himself some more vodka. He guzzled it. He gave me an inch in a tumbler. I drank it and saw that Annushka was at her usual place, dipping bread into black tea and sucking the bread slice.

I motioned at her tea and said, "*Eto zhudki chai.*"

"*Da, da.*" Vassily laughed and refilled my glass. Nina came near with the plate of salmon. "*Eto Nina,*" said Vassily, "and these"—he seized the pretty girl—"are Nina's tits."

The mornings now were darker, another trick of time on the railroad that seemed to be speeding me further into paranoia. After eight hours' sleep I woke up in pitch blackness. In the dim light of the December moon, a silver sickle, the landscape was bare—no trees, no snow. After hours of this desolation we came to Chita, a satanic city of belching chimneys and great heaps of smoking ashes dumped beside the tracks. Outside Chita there was a frozen lake on which ice fishermen crouched like the fat black crows with fluffed-out feathers that roosted in the larches at the verge of the lake.

I said, "*Vorona.*"

"*Nyet,*" said Vladimir, and he explained that they were fishermen.

"*Vorona.*" I insisted on the crow image until he saw what I was driving at. But it didn't take much insisting for the sentimental fanaticism I had detected in the Russians I had met was a flight from their literal-mindedness. Vladimir was in the habit of reciting—reciting rather than saying—long sentences, and then muttering, "Pushkin" or "Mayakovsky." This compulsive behavior is taken for granted in the Soviet Union, but I think if I were on the Boston & Maine and a man began to quote, "This is the forest primeval," I'd change my

seat. Vladimir returned to his sketching. I persuaded him to show me his sketchpad and, amazingly, it was filled with page after page of telephone poles, pylons, high-tension wires, pictures of girders with wires webbed to them, and skeletal-seeming apparatus. This was his hobby, sketching vertical monstrosities, though he might easily have been a spy. He showed me how to draw a telephone pole. I feigned an interest in this unappealing thing, and he called to the *provodnik* for wine. Two bottles of Hungarian wine came—the *provodnik* wouldn't go until he got a glassful—and Vladimir drew a black cabin in a black and brown landscape, a low orangey-red sun, and a sky full of spiders. This he labeled "Siberia." Then he drew a picture of several spires, some large buildings, a blue sky, a sunny day.

"Leningrad?"

"*Nyet,*" he said. "London." He wrote "London" on the picture. He did another picture of London, a harbor scene, a schooner, ships at anchor, a sunny day. He did one of New York—tall buildings, a sunny day. But they were fantasy pictures: Vladimir had never been out of the Soviet Union.

Because he had insisted on paying for the wine, I broke out my box of cigars. Vladimir smoked five of them, puffing them like cigarettes, and the wine and the cigars and the knowledge that we were now traveling along the shores of Lake Baikal returned Vladimir to his own language. He strode up and down the compartment, waving away the smoke, telling me what a deep *ozero* Baikal was, and finally slipped his hand inside his coat and, blowing a great cloud of smoke, said in the halting, momentous voice Russians reserve for quotations, but coughing as he did so:

"*I dym otechestva nam sladok i pryaten!*" and raised his eyes.

I said, "Eh?"

"Pooshkin," he said. "*Evgen Onegin!*"

(Months later, in London, I recited my phonetic transcription of this verse to a Russian-speaker who assured me that it was indeed Pushkin and that it could be rendered in English: "Even the smoke of our motherland is sweet and pleasant to us.")

In the dark corridor early the next morning the Australian librarians and the Canadian couple sat on their suitcases. Irkutsk was two hours away, but they said that they were afraid of oversleeping and missing the place. I thought then, and I think now, that missing Irkutsk cannot be everyone's idea of a tragedy. It was still dark as Irkutsk's flaming chimneys appeared above a plain of shuttered bungalows with tar-paper roofs. It is not the steel fences, nor even the tall cellblocks where the workers live, that give these Russian cities the look of concentration camps; it is the harsh light—searchlights and glaring lamps fixed to poles—that does it, diminishing the mittened figures and making

them look like prisoners in an exercise yard. Vladimir shook my hand and said a sentimental farewell. I was moved, and thought charitably about the poor fellow, stuck in Irkutsk for life, until I went back to the compartment and discovered that he had stolen my box of cigars.

We were truly in Siberia. Until now we had been traveling in the Soviet Far East, two thousand miles of all but nameless territory on the borders of China and Mongolia. From here on the Siberian forest, the *taiga*, thickened, blurring the distant hills with smudges of trees and hiding the settlements that had swallowed so many banished Russians. In places this dense forest disappeared for twenty miles; then there was tundra, a plain of flawless snow on which rows of light poles trailed into the distance, getting smaller and smaller, like those diagrammatic pictures that illustrate perspective, the last light pole a dot. The hugeness of Russia overwhelmed me. I had been traveling for five days over these landscapes, and still more than half the country remained to be crossed. I scanned the window for some new detail that would intimate we were getting closer to Moscow, but the differences from day to day were slight. The snow was endless, the stops were brief, and the sun which shone so brightly on the *taiga* was always eclipsed by the towns we passed through: an impenetrable cloud of smoky fog hung over every town, shutting out the sun. The small villages were different; they lay in sunlight, precariously, between the *taiga* and the tracks, their silence so great it was nearly visible.

I was now the only Westerner on the train. I felt like the last Mohican. I bribed Vassily for a bottle of vodka (he said they'd run out, but for two rubles he discovered some) and spent an entire day emptying it.

I saw in my solitary activity something of the Russians' sense of desolation. In fact they did nothing but drink. They drank all the time and they drank everything: cognac that tasted like hair tonic, sour watery beer, red wine that was indistinguishable from medicine, the nine-dollar bottles of champagne, and the smooth vodka. Every day it was something new: first the vodka ran out, then the beer, then the cognac, and after Irkutsk one saw loutish men who had pooled their money for champagne, passing the bottle like bums in a doorway. Between drinking they slept, and I grew to recognize the confirmed alcoholics from the way they were dressed: they wore fur hats and fur leggings because their circulation was so poor; their hands and lips were always blue. Most of the arguments and all the fights I saw were the result of drunkenness. There was generally a fist-fight in hard class after lunch, and Vassily provoked quar-

rels at every meal. If the man he quarreled with happened to be sober, the man would call for the complaints book and scribble angrily in it.

"*Tovarich!*" the customer would shout, requesting the complaints book. I heard the word used only in sarcasm.

Another day, another night, a thousand miles; the snow deepened, and we were at Novosibirsk. Foreigners generally get off at Novosibirsk for an overnight stop, but I stayed on the train. I would not be home for Christmas as I had hoped—it was now the twenty-third of December and we were more than two days from Moscow—but if I made good connections I might be home before New Year's. I decided that what I needed was a routine. I would start shaving regularly, taking fruit salts in the morning, and doing push-ups before breakfast; no naps; I would begin a short story, writing in the afternoon and not taking a drink until seven, or six at the earliest, or five if the light was too poor to write by. My mind needed tidying. I decided to start my short story immediately.

As we left the station, the door of my compartment flew open with a bang, and a man entered carrying a cloth bundle and several paper parcels. He smiled. He was about fifty, with large red hands, baldness revealing irregular contours on his head. He had the rodent's eyes of someone very nearsighted. He threw the cloth bundle on his berth and placed a loaf of brown bread and a quart jar of maroon jam on my manuscript.

I put my pen down and left the compartment. When I returned he had changed into a blue track suit (a little hero's medal pinned to his chest) and, as he stared through the eye-enlarging lenses of glasses askew on his nose, he slapped jam on a slice of bread with a jackknife. He munched his jam sandwich and, between bites, belched. He finished his sandwich, undid a newspaper parcel, and took out a chunk of gray meat. He cut a plug from it, put it in his mouth, wrapped the meat, and took off his glasses. He sniffed at the table, picked up my yellow sleeve of pipe cleaners, put on his glasses, and studied the writing. Then he looked at his watch and sighed. He monkeyed with my pipe, my matches, tobacco, pen, radio, timetable, books, checking his watch between each item and sniffing, as if his nose would reveal what his eyes could not.

This went on for the rest of the day, defeating what plans I had for establishing a routine and eliminating any possibility of my writing a story. His prying motions made me hate him almost immediately, and I imagined him thinking, as he tapped his watch crystal between sniffs of my belongings, "Well, there's thirty seconds gone." He had a little book of Russian railway maps. At each station he put on his glasses and found the place on the map. There were about fifteen stations on each map, so he dirtied the pages in sequence with

The Last Mohican Between Khabarovsk and Moscow

his thumbs before the train moved to a new page, and I grew to recognize from the jam smears and thumbprints on his maps how far the *Rossiya* had gone. He read nothing else for the rest of the trip. He didn't speak, he didn't sleep. How did he pass the time? Well, he yawned; he could sustain a yawn for five seconds, sampling it with his tongue, working it around his jaws and finally biting it with a loud growl. He sighed, he groaned, he sucked his teeth, he grunted, and he made each into a separate activity which he timed, always looking at his watch when he had completed a yawn or a sigh. He also coughed and choked in the same deliberate way, studying his eructations, belching with disgusting thoroughness as he exhausted himself of wind in three keys. In between times he looked out the window or stared at me, smiling when our eyes met. His teeth were stainless steel.

I spent more and more time in the dining car. When the drunken soldiers had been turned out, and the others, either very gaunt or very fat, lifted their faces from their metal bowls and left, scuffing their boots, the dining-car doors were locked and the kitchen employees cleaned the place up. They allowed me to stay, because under the terms of our agreement Vassily continued to supply me with bottles of Hungarian white wine as long as I bribed him for it and shared it with him. Vassily turned the accounts over to his assistant, Volodya, who had his own abacus; Sergei, the cook, ogled Nina from the kitchen door; Annushka wiped the tables; and Viktor, a waiter (who later told me that he paid Anna to do his work—he said she would do anything for five rubles), sat with Vassily and me and pumped me for information about hockey teams: “Bostabroons, Doront Mupplekhleef, Mondroolkanadeens, and Cheegago Blekaks.” Viktor often stood behind Vassily and scratched his right cheek, meaning that Vassily was a drunkard.

There was a young, black-haired man who swept the floor and rarely spoke to anyone. Viktor pointed him out to me and said, “Gitler! Gitler!”

The man ignored him, but to make his point Viktor stamped on the floor and ground his boot as if killing a cockroach. Vassily put his forefinger under his nose to make a moustache and said, “*Heil Gitler!*” So the young man might have been an anti-Semite or, since Russian mockery is not very subtle, he might have been a Jew.

One afternoon the young man came over to me and said, “Angela Davis!”

“Gitler!” said Viktor, grinning.

“Angela Davis *karasho*,” said Gitler, and began to rant in Russian about the way Angela Davis had been persecuted in America. He shook his broom at me, his hair falling over his eyes, and he

continued quite loudly until Vassily banged on the table.

“Politics!” said Vassily. “We don’t want politics here. This is a restaurant, not a university.” He spoke in Russian, but his message was plain and he was obviously very angry with Gitler.

The rest were embarrassed. They sent Gitler to the kitchen and brought another bottle of wine. Vassily said, “Gitler—*ni karasho!*” But it was Viktor who was the most conciliatory. He stood up and folded his arms, and shushing the kitchen staff, he said in a little voice:

Zee fearst of My,
Zee 'art of spreeng!
Oh, leetle seeng,
En everyseeng we do,
Remember always to say “pliz”
En dun forget “sank you”!

Later, Viktor took me to his compartment to show me his new fur hat. He was very proud of it since it cost him nearly a week’s pay. Nina was also in the compartment, which was shared by Vassily and Anna—quite a crowd for a space no bigger than an average-sized clothes closet. Nina showed me her passport and the picture of her mother, and while this was going on Viktor disappeared. I put my arm around Nina, and with my free hand took off her white scullion’s cap. Her black hair fell to her shoulders. I held her tightly and kissed her, tasting the kitchen. The train was racing. But the compartment door was open, and Nina pulled away and said softly, “*Nyet, nyet, nyet.*”

My depression increased as we sped toward Perm in a whirling snowstorm. The logging camps and villages lay half buried, and behind them were birches a foot thick, the ice on their branches giving them the appearance of silver filigree. I could see children crossing a frozen river in the storm, moving so slowly in the direction of some huts that they broke my heart. I lay back on my berth and took my radio, its plastic cold from standing by the window, and tried to find a station. I put up the antenna; the zombie watched me from behind his clutter of uncovered food. A lot of static, then a French station, then “Jingle Bells.” The zombie smiled. I switched it off.

Late on Christmas Eve, I knocked on the door of the dining car and was admitted by Vassily. He told me, with gestures of shrugging, that the place was closed. I said, “It’s Christmas Eve.” He shrugged. I gave him five rubles. He let me in and got a bottle of champagne, and as he shot off the cork I looked around at the deserted car. In the best of times it was cold, but without the trickle of warmth from the stove, and buffeted by the snowy wind, it was colder than usual—lighted by a single fluorescent tube and holding only the two of us. I could not imagine anything worse for watching

Christmas approach. In the funereal chill Vassily drew up a chair and poured us both a drink. He screwed up his face as if the champagne was rotgut, and said, "Yagh!"

We sat facing each other, drinking, not speaking, until Vassily lifted his glass and said, "U.S.A.!"

By then I was drunk enough to remember one of the Russian lessons Vladimir had given me. I touched Vassily's glass with mine and said, "*Soyuz Sovietskii Sotsialisticheskii Respublik.*"

I finished my drink and went back to my compartment through the bouncing train.

The next morning, Christmas, I woke and looked over at the zombie resting with his arms folded on his chest like a cadaver. The *provodnik* told me it was six o'clock Moscow time. My watch said eight. I put it back two hours and waited for dawn, surprised that so many people in the car had decided to do the same thing. In darkness we stood at the windows, watching our reflections. Shortly afterward I saw why they were there. We entered the outskirts of Yaroslavl and I heard the others whispering to themselves. The old lady in the frilly nightgown, the Goldi man and his wife and child, the domino-playing drunks, even the zombie, who had been monkeying with my radio: they pressed their faces against the windows as we began rattling across a long bridge. Beneath us, half-frozen, very black, and in places reflecting the flames of Yaroslavl's chimneys, was the Volga.

. . . Royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle shed . . .

What was that? Sweet voices, as clear as organ tones, drifted from my compartment. I froze and listened. The Russians, awestruck by the sight of the Volga, had fallen silent; they were hunched, staring down at the water. But the holy music moved through the air, warming it.

Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger, for his bed . . .

The hymn wavered, but the silent reverence of the Russians and the slowness of the train allowed the soft children's voices to perfume the corridor. My listening became a meditation of almost unbearable sadness, as if joy's highest refinement was borne on a needlepoint of pain.

Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ, her little child . . .

I went into the compartment and held the radio to my ear until the broadcast ended, a program of Christmas music from the BBC. Dawn never came that day. We traveled in thick fog and through whorls of brown, blowing mist which made the woods ghostly. It was not cold outside: some snow had melted, and the roads, more frequent now, were rutted and muddy. All morning the tree

trunks, black with dampness, were silhouettes in the fog, and the pine groves at the very limit of visibility in the mist took on the appearance of cathedrals with dark spires. In places the trees were so dim they were like an afterimage on the eye. I had never felt close to the country, but the fog distanced me even more, and I felt, after six thousand miles and all those days in the train, only a great remoteness. I resented Russia's size; I wanted to be home.

The dining car was locked at nine. I tried again at ten and found it empty. Vassily explained that as we would be in Moscow soon, the dining car was closed. I swore at him, surprising myself with my own anger. Under protest he made me an omelette; he handed it to me with a slice of bread and a glass of tea. While I was eating, a woman came in. She wore a black coat and had a Soviet Railway badge pinned to her black hat. She spoke to Vassily: "*Kleb.*" Vassily waved her away: "*Nyet kleb!*" She pointed at my meal and repeated her request for bread. Vassily shouted at her. She stood her ground and got a mighty shove from Vassily, who smiled at me apologetically as he delivered the blow. The woman came back and put out her hand and screamed loudly at him. This infuriated Vassily. His eyes became small, and he threw himself on her, beating her with his fists. He twisted her arm behind her back and kicked her hard. The woman howled and was gone.

Vassily said to me, "*Ni karasho!*" The fight had left him breathless. He smiled his idiotic smile. I was ashamed of myself for not helping the woman. I pushed my food away.

"*Pavel?*" Vassily blinked at me.

"You are a fucking monkey."

"*Pozhal'sta,*" said Vassily, in glad welcome.

The train was going at half-speed for the approach to Moscow. I walked down the corridors of hard class to my compartment, to pack my belongings. The other passengers were already packed. They stood in their arrival suits, smoking by windows. I passed them all seeing criminality and fraud in their faces, brutishness in their little eyes, fists protruding from unusually long sleeves.

"Monkey," I said, squeezing through a group of soldiers.

A man stroking his fur hat blocked my way. I went up to him. He agitated his enormous jaw with a yawn.

"Monkey!" He moved aside.

Monkey to the *provodnik*, monkey to the man at the samovar, monkey to the army officer in soft class; and still muttering I found the zombie sitting by the window in an overcoat, his jam-flecked thumb on *Mockba*. "Monkey!" I wished him a merry Christmas and gave him two pipe cleaners, a can of Japanese sardines, and a ball-point pen that would run out of ink as soon as he wrote his name. □

**I thought
about all I'd read
and said to myself,
either quit
or smoke
True.**



**I smoke
True.**

King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, 100's Regular: 13 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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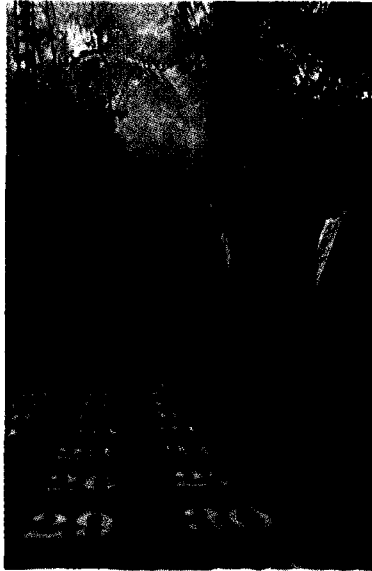
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hundreds of other secluded
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and go back 20 centuries from
Panama City to the San Blas
Islands. Trade with a Cuna
Indian for a handmade mola
and enjoy a tribal culture
intact after 1,000 years.*



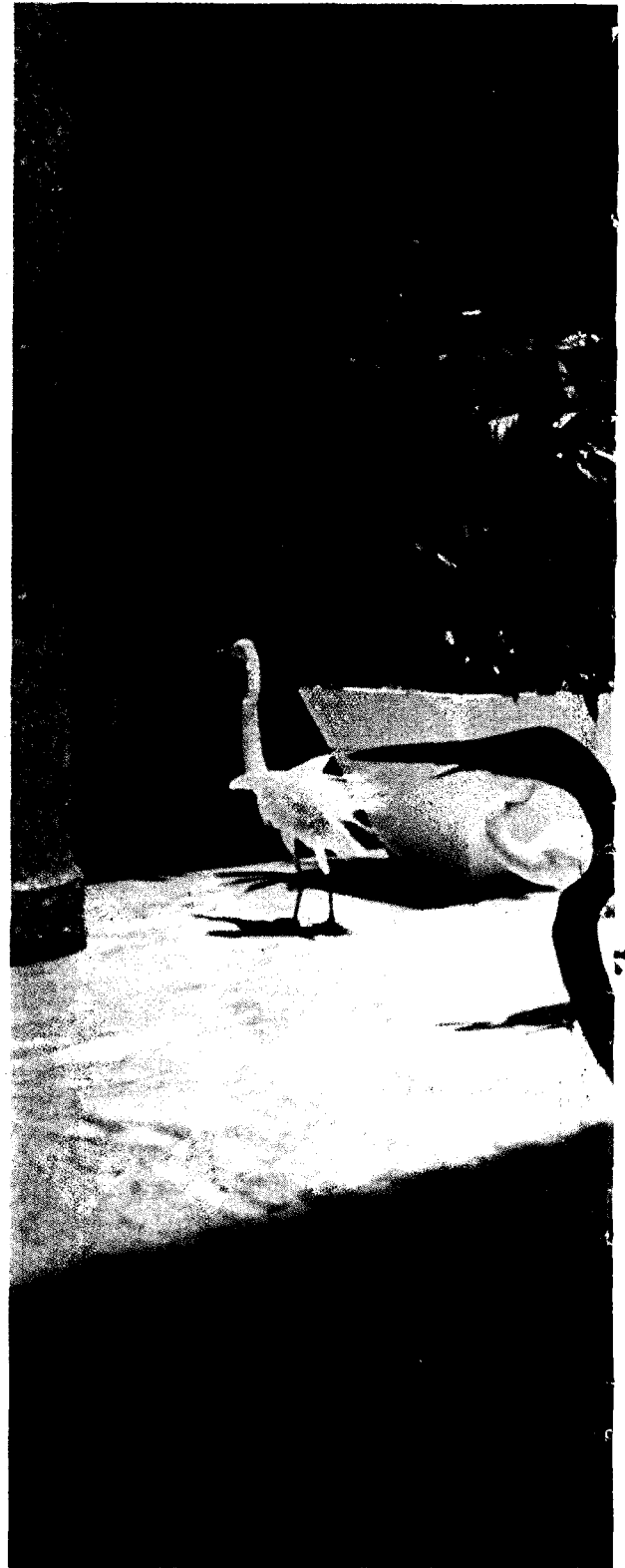
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the fishing is fabulous. 30
world's records are held! The
Black Marlin capital is
Panama. In addition Panama
offers great water sports all
year round.*



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your luck in Panamanian or
U.S. currency. Furthermore, we
have exciting horse racing, car
racing and boat racing in the
New World.*



*In Panama, the New World,
dine on the world's
finest foods. Because almost
every delicious kind of food the
sophisticated world has to offer
is perfectly prepared in
Panama. And imagine drinking
the world's purest water! From
your modern hotel you can even
see the sun rise in the Pacific
or set in the Atlantic.
And the oceans are only
minutes apart.*



New World.

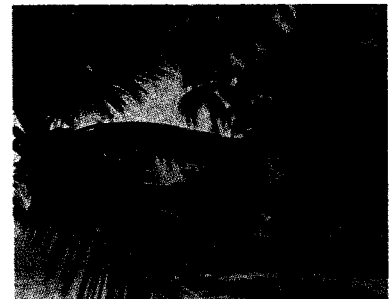
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Panama and you shop the
world, for Panama is the Hong
Kong of the western world.
And the friendly people will
help you shop and have
a great time.*



*In Panama, the New World,
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and see giant ships move from
one half of the world
to the other.*



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destroyed in 1671. Spend days
in country villages, visit colonial
churches. See the ancient and
the modern side by side.*



*In Panama, the New World,
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entertainment. Because there
are miles and miles of
magnificent beaches on the
Atlantic and the Pacific.
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highways and tropical jungles.
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never done before. Because
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Panama

...and you thought it was only a canal

SAND ROADS by Marge Piercy

1.

Each individually offers up
privy knowledge of a terrain.
I start with the whine of Route 6 in
my ears.

In a while the pitch pines close
around me,
small woods few bother to know
with their feet.

2. Woodcock Alley

The curious mocking of the
woodcocks

pursues us from the bushes,
a benign paranoia.

On an old house site the barberries
weave a barricade of intricate
thorns.

The orange day lilies have been
spreading
their ribbons of foliage, thrusting
their brief rough flowers to the bees
till they cover an acre: how to
measure the years
in the fibrous advance of the lilies.

3. High Toss

In the reeds the blue
heron stalks, titled great
for his height, his antiquity,
that cool old lift of the heart
when he flies over the water
on ragged sails of wing
his big feet tucked but dragging.

The black ducks are maneuvering
in flotillas. On the narrow
rim at low tide

the neat pawprints of the
raccoon where she washed her food.
The yellow-breasted chat
chucks from the briar.
Past the bridge where the
Herring River narrows
the sweetest and the
thorniest blackberries grow
in languid arches studded with
spikes
trussed with long berries dripping
juice
like a parable of pleasure and pain.

4. Paradise Hollow

Follow the old ruts,
circle the freshly fallen pine
broken in the last high wind,
stopping to free the young
sapling to rise again.
Follow the big friendly hands
like children's drawings,
of the sassafras. Filé gumbo.
Follow the ax-cut path
narrower than your hips
through the labyrinth
of oak toppled years ago
in fire, the midden heap
of a farmhouse, day lilies,
broken plates of blue willow,
shells and rusted plow:
now the withe rod and sumac
shoot up wild and lacy
from the oaks' bones.

At the core of the hollow
the brook trickles
through a red maple swamp.

In winter we can hop
from mossy gray hummock to
hummock
when the briar dies back.

Follow the brook to its source,
a spring in a meadow
still grassy from the
invisible house. The old apple
trees tall now as the black locusts
offer their gnarled and wormy
fruit like memories.

5. The Old King's Highway

The Old King's Highway advances
almost in a straight line
up and down hill through
the white oaks and blueberry.
The banks are cut deep, erosion
softened by the curly
pubic beard of the mosses.

Rusted strands of barbed wire
hang from weathered posts
buried to their heads
in scrub oak.

Across the ruts marked
with tree roots like steps
the speckled toads hop.
Every while is a weathered
milestone like a miniature
grave marker. A blue jay
sits on one, blue
and loud as noon shouting its
warning
Thief thief



6. Lombardy Hollow

Climb the hill past the beach
plums, frothy white with blossom
tinged with fuzz pink:
under the locusts where the grass
grows green and lush,
past the circular cellar hole
where they used to store potatoes,
cabbage, oysters a while
stands a forest
of old lilacs.

Walk the road in May;
the poison ivy is still squat,
red and lets you pass.
Walk with your head tilted
back and let your wise nose
draw you to that odor.
Pass from house to house
like a peddler, like
a beggar. Not a board
remains unscavenged.
Yet you will find
the old doors.
Lush as crinoline finery
lavender lace with its
strong green hearts of leaf,
its fragrance fiery sweet and sad
at its core, like a homemade
cordial for holidays,
coarse wood, longer lived
than the women who planted it
with work-pitted hands
by their kitchens.

7. The Development

The bulldozers come, they rip
a hole in the sand along

the new blacktop road with a tony
name
(Trotting Park, Pamet Hills)
and up goes another glass-walled-
split-level-livingroom-vast-as-a-
roller-rink-\$70,000-
summer home for a psychiatrist
and family.

Ten months vacation homes
stand empty except for mice
and spiders, an occasional
bird with a broken back twitching
on the deck under a gape of glass.

I live in such a development
way at the end of a winding
road where the marsh begins
to close in: two houses,
the one next door a local
fisherman lost to the bank
last winter, ours a box
half buried in the sand.
This land is rendered
too expensive
to live on. We feed
four people seven months
off it, some surplus for the
winter, a kind of organic tall corn
ornery joke at road's end.
We planted for the birds cover
and berries, we compost, we set out
trees and at night
the raccoons come shambling.
Yet the foxes left us,
shrinking into the marsh.
I found their new den.
I don't show it
to anyone.
Forgive us, gray fox, our stealing
your home, our loving

this land carved into lots
over a shrinking water table
where the long sea wind that blows
the sand whispers to developers
money, money, money.

8. The Road Behind the Last Dune

Mostly you don't see the ocean
although when the surf is up
its roaring fills you
like a shell,
whistling through your
ears, your bones.
Nothing stands up here
but you, in the steady
rasp of the salt wind.
The oaks grow a foot high
dry gnarled jungles
you can't wade through
where eyes watch.
The hog cranberry bronze
in the fall, shines
metallically revealing
every hump of the sculptured hills.
The dune grass ripples
like a pelt, and around every
clump is traced a circle,
fingers of the wind.
Fox grape on the high dunes
poison ivy whose bright berries
the birds carry in their bodies
to scatter, the dune
colored grasshoppers,
the fox with fur of fine sand.

You are standing too tall for
this landscape. Lie down.
Let the grass blow
over you. Let the plover
pipe, the kestrel stand beating its
wings

in the air, the wolf spider
come to the door of its burrow,
the mouse nibble on
your toe. Let the beach pea
entangle your legs in its vine
and ring you with purple blossoms.

Now get up slowly
and seek a way down off the dunes,
carefully: your heavy feet
assault the balance.
Come down on the bench
of the great beach arching
away into fog.
Lie down before the ocean.
It rises over you, it stands
hissing and spreading its
cobalt hood, rattling
its pebbles.
Cold it is and its rhythm
as it eats away the beach,
as it washes the dunes out to sea
to build new spits and islands,
enters your blood and slows
the beat of that newish contraption
your heart controlling the waves
of your inward salt sea.
Shut your mouth. Keep still.
Let your mind open
like a clam when the waters
slide back to feed it.
Flow out to the ancient cold
mothering embrace, cold
and weightless yourself
as a fish, over the buried
wrecks. Then with respect
let the breakers drive you
up and out into the
heavy air, your heart
pounding. The warm scratchy sand
like a receiving blanket
holds you up gasping with life.



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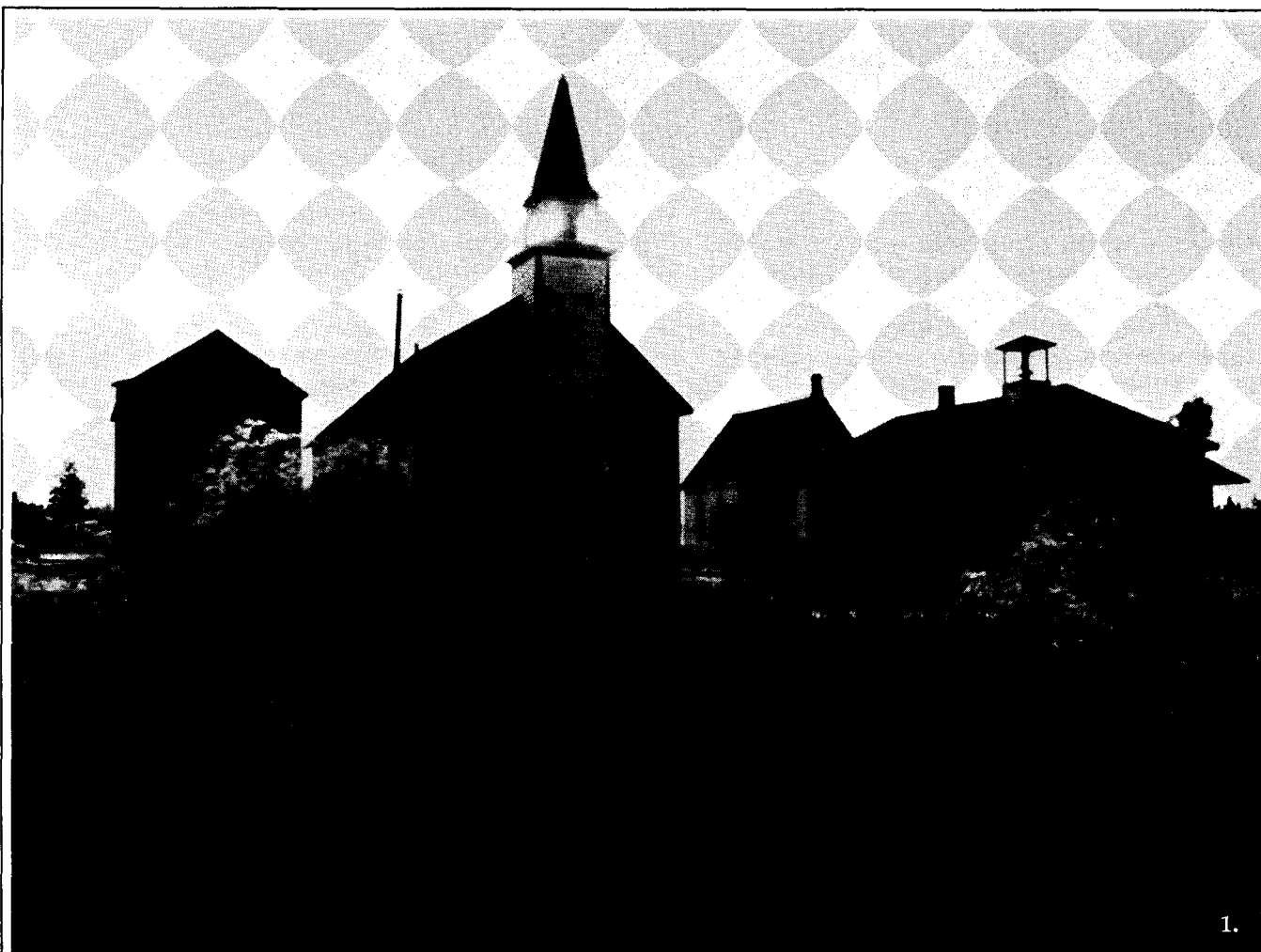
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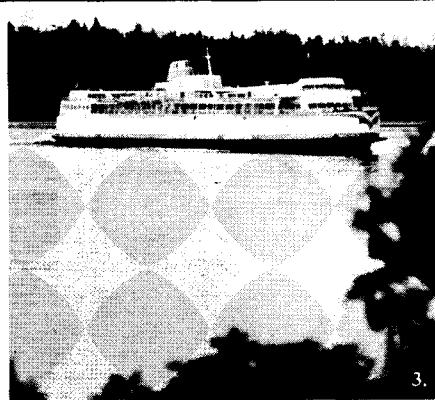
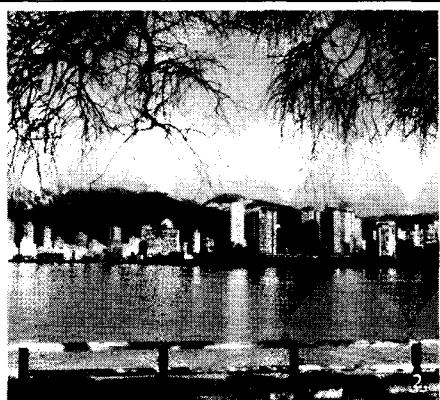


1.

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These pictures are just a sample of what is waiting for you in British Columbia.

1. Fort Steele, once a gold rush boom town, growing old gracefully in the East Kootenays. 2. Downtown Vancouver as it looks from Kitsilano Beach (great fish and chips at the beach). 3. A fast fleet of ferries links the British Columbia mainland to Vancouver Island and the Gulf Islands. 4. One of the intriguing shops to be found throughout the Province—browse for treasures till teatime. For a lot more information write: British Columbia Department of Travel Industry, 1019 Wharf Street, Victoria, British Columbia V8W 2Z2. Or call your local travel agent.



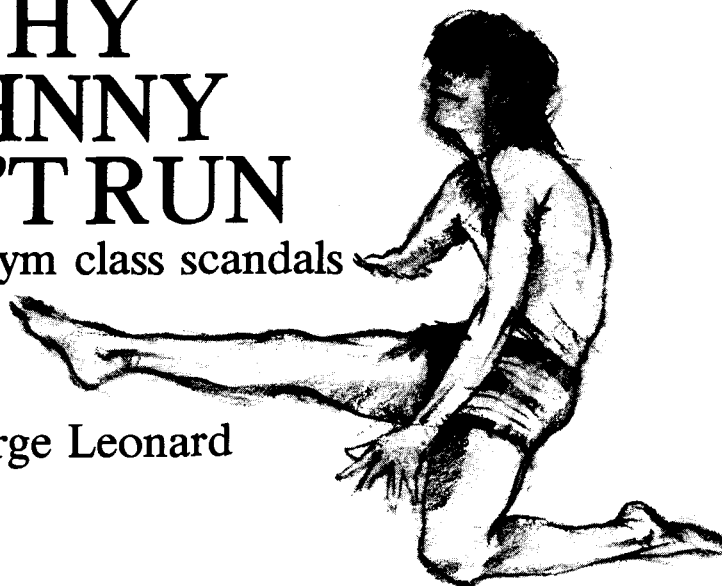
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WHY JOHNNY CAN'T RUN

And other gym class scandals

by George Leonard



Physical education as taught in thousands of American public schools is all too often demoralizing and counterproductive. An author-teacher-physical culturist outlines a radical alternative to the old-time gym class and competitive athletics.

One perfect spring morning in a small Virginia town, a group of thirty-five or forty boys and girls in their early teens were sitting on a grassy bank, attending to the instructions of a taut-muscled young man with gym shoes, gym pants, a white T-shirt, a crew cut, a whistle, and a clipboard. Next to the young man, like a guillotine in the sunlight, stood a chinning bar.

The man looked at his clipboard. "Babcock," he called.

There was a stir among the boys and girls. One of them rose and made his way to the chinning bar: Babcock, the classic fat boy.

Shoulders slumped, he stood beneath the bar. "I can't," he said.

"You can try," the man with the clipboard said.

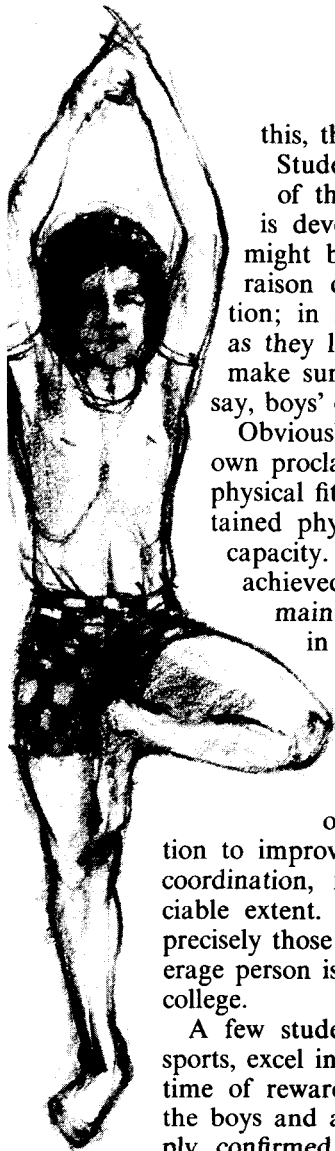
Babcock reached up with both hands, touched the bar limply—just that—and walked away, his eyes downcast, as all the boys and girls watched, seeming to share his shame and resignation.

This scene, which I happened upon a couple of years ago, contains no particularly noteworthy information. Yet it does evoke painful memories of an aspect of American schooling which many of us have managed to forget and which educational reformers have chosen, for the most part, to ignore.

In an age when sports have become a major American spectacle, physical education in our schools remains mostly in the shadows. No significant national study has been conducted on the subject, which is considered a "frill" by some educational policy-makers, and even the most rudimentary facts and figures on the education of the body in this country are hard to come by.

In the elementary schools, where children are likely to form their basic physical self-image, offerings in physical education are very meager. The subject is typically taught, if it is taught at all, by classroom teachers who may or may not have had a course in "games and relays" during their teacher training. An especially enlightened school district might have one elementary physical education specialist shared among five to ten schools. Physical education in the formal sense is traditionally left to the secondary schools, and it is there that most of the painful memories accumulate. Indeed, a description of a traditional "P.E.," or "gym," class—the kind that still prevails in perhaps well over half of our junior high and high schools—tends to read like a caricature.

The class period begins with students scrambling to change into gym clothes, then standing for a quasi-military dress inspection. The military sensibility continues to hold sway through five or ten minutes of calisthenics—push-ups, sit-ups, jumping jacks, toe touches, knee bends. Students may then be ordered to run a lap around the track, though running laps is in some cases reserved by the instructor for use as a punishment. After this, discipline goes rather rapidly downhill as students move on to the game of the day—softball, volleyball, flag football, field hockey, basketball. Play is sometimes preceded by a brief status-confirmation ritual known as "choosing sides." What with all of



this, there is little time for the game itself. Students have yet one more ritual ahead of them: the shower. So much attention is devoted to this activity, in fact, that it might be seen by an anthropologist as the *raison d'être* of traditional physical education; in some schools students are inspected as they leave the shower room, ostensibly to make sure they are wet all over. Needless to say, boys' classes are separate from girls'.

Obviously this mode of instruction fails in its own proclaimed goal of significantly increasing physical fitness and skill. It offers too little sustained physical activity to increase heart-lung capacity. (This "training effect" is best achieved when an accelerated heart rate is maintained over an extended period—as in distance running, swimming, or cycling—while most team sports in gym classes are played in spurts.)

It offers too little exercise, and often not the right kind, to build strength, flexibility, and agility. It offers too little individualized instruction to improve physical skills—balance, hand-eye coordination, fine muscle control—to any appreciable extent. And the activities it does offer are precisely those competitive team sports that the average person is least likely to play after school and college.

A few students in each class, already good at sports, excel in traditional P.E. and go on to a lifetime of rewarding physical activity. But many of the boys and a clear majority of the girls are simply confirmed in their ineptitude. Turned away from the potentialities of their own bodies, they smile approvingly at the familiar statement made by Dr. Robert Hutchins, among others: "Whenever I feel the urge to exercise coming on, I lie down until it passes over." A national survey by the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sport in 1973 indicates that those who took physical education in school are more likely to exercise later in life than those who did not. But such "education" has hardly turned us into a physically aware nation. According to the survey (directed at adult physical fitness, not physical education in the schools), only 55 percent of adults report that they do any exercise at all. Of those who do, the majority name "walking" as their exercise. The favorite participatory sport of American adults is bowling, but nearly one half of the bowlers participate in their sport "less than once a month."

It is against this background that a major reform movement has at last begun to challenge the practices familiar to generations of P.E. students. "The

New Physical Education," as it is called by the American Alliance for Health, Physical Education and Recreation (AAHPER), has by no means swept the field. It prevails in only one fourth of the nation's schools, according to the most optimistic estimate. It has not yet been examined by the national media. Many ranking educators have never heard of it, but it represents the viewpoint of most young teachers entering the field and is supported by such professional organizations as AAHPER, an affiliate of the National Education Association.

How can you recognize The New Physical Education? Literature distributed by AAHPER has characterized the reform in terms of "Lifetime Sports" rather than the usual team sports in secondary schools; "Movement Education" in elementary schools; and, in addition, individualized instruction and the inculcation of a "strong self-concept" all along the way. These general characterizations translate into changes that are fairly easy to spot. In junior high, high school, and even college classes, you might look first of all for a de-emphasis on dress code and showers and anything else that gets in the way of actual instruction and play. Then you will begin to notice the presence of such "recreational sports" as tennis, golf, and archery, along with sports that have not previously graced gymnasium floors. Students at San Rafael (California) High School, for example, can choose from an offering of forty-two sports, only a half-dozen of which could be called traditional team sports. Among the more exotic offerings are T'ai Chi Chuan, Body Conditioning, Yoga, Scuba Diving, and Rock Climbing.

"Some of these activities are very, very appealing to people who've been turned off by team sports," William H. Monti, a physical education reform leader at San Rafael High, explained. "A number of students who rebelled against all forms of physical education have gravitated toward rock climbing. These were the types who said they didn't like team sports of any kind. Later, of course, they found out that rock climbing involves as much teamwork as the traditional team sports, or more. They still love it.

"You know, rock climbing teaches the kind of thing we've always claimed for physical education—the ability to operate under stress. We create situations here in which stress is compounded by time. Running creates stress, but you can always stop if it gets too bad. During a rescue practice on a climb, when you have to tie a knot very quickly to take the pressure of a rope off your body, coolness and efficiency are absolutely required. And when you're tied to other people, teamwork and responsibility can mean life or death. In this sport, boys and girls and instructors work together and really *become* a team."

George Leonard is the author of *Education and Ecstasy* and *The Transformation*. This essay is adapted from a chapter in his forthcoming book, *The Ultimate Athlete*.

Why Johnny Can't Run

San Rafael, like other high schools with reformed programs, opens its sports activities to boys and girls alike. "When we first started modernizing our program about five years ago," Monti said, "we found that our women teachers had skills that men didn't have in some of these new areas, so we ended up with some women teaching all-boy classes. That didn't make much sense, so we started opening up all our classes to both sexes. At first, we even had girls playing touch football and basketball with boys. That was too much of a mismatch, but in almost everything else, we've found the mix is very good. We've found that co-ed classes in such things as volleyball and tennis push girls to improve much more rapidly than we thought possible. We even have co-ed weight lifting classes. As you know, some experts believe that the large male-female difference in physical abilities is to a great extent due to cultural expectations, and that with the proper training, women can make tremendous strides in all sports.

"The main thing we're trying to do here is to help every student develop a good self-image. Body language is very important, and I think in physical education one's personal identity is realized more than in any other area of the curriculum. Students are different, and ideally, we'd like every student to have success in *some* area of physical education, and to *keep* having success. When enough successes have been deposited in a young person's bank account, then he or she can afford to take some risks in order to gain further success."

Along with a new emphasis on individual physical differences have come new and sophisticated methods for measuring and evaluating those differences. Missouri Western State College at St. Joseph, Missouri, for example, requires a "Concepts of Physical Activity" course for all students in general education. The course introduces the latest thinking on such matters as body type, fitness, nutrition, cardiovascular conditioning, posture, stress, and relaxation. But what makes it popular among students is that they themselves are the main subjects of study. During the semester, they go through a complete battery of physical tests.

First, they perform nine varied feats to discover their overall physical fitness. Skin folds at the chest, stomach, and tricep are then measured to estimate their percentages of body fat. Their silhouettes are projected on a screen so that their body types can be established. They do a five-minute step test to find out the heart's ability to return to normal pulse rate after exercise, run a measured twelve minutes to determine the body's capacity to process oxygen, and ride a bicycle ergometer to evaluate physical work capacity. Their isometric strength is measured by means of specially designed scales, and their isotonic strength by ability to do chins, dips, and jumps. Flexibility of the joints is measured. Posture is evaluated.

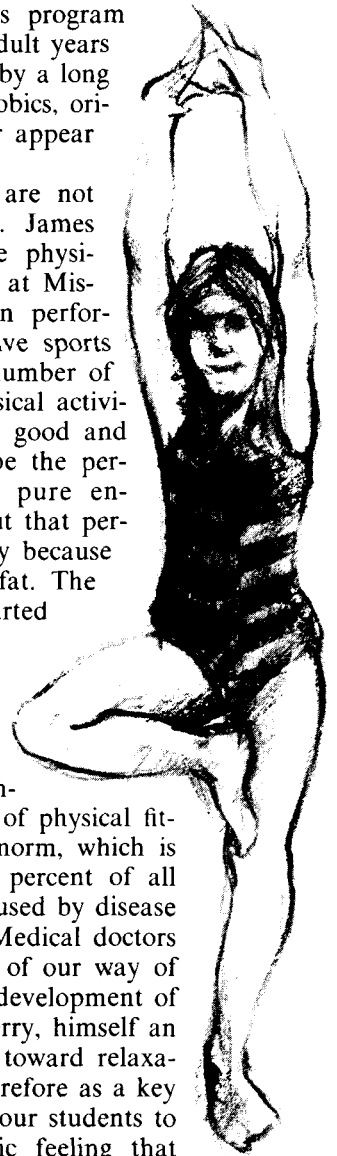
Agility, reaction time, and speed are determined by timed tests. Finally, there is an evaluation of swimming ability.

Students at Missouri Western are not just tested and left with the evidence of their physical pluses and minuses, as is often the case with school testing programs; they are offered programs for improvement. The flexibility test, for instance, is followed by an introduction to flexibility exercises. At the end of the Concepts of Physical Activity course, students draw up their own physical summary profiles, which are compared to national norms. The profiles show where improvement is needed and also help in the choice of physical activities. Students are required, in fact, to write up a tentative personal physical activities program for both the college years and the adult years that follow. In this, they are guided by a long list of activities, some of which (aerobics, orienteering, tap dancing) would never appear in the Olympics.

"Seventy percent of body types are not represented at the Olympics," Dr. James Terry explained. Terry, an exercise physiologist, teaches the Concepts course at Missouri Western and runs the human performance lab there. "Highly competitive sports are appropriate only for a certain number of people. But there are sports or physical activities for every body type. There are good and poor activities for everybody. Maybe the person who is naturally heavy, the pure endomorph, shouldn't be a runner. But that person can swim, and swim more easily because of the higher percentage of body fat. The important thing is to get people started in *some* physical activity."

When Terry averaged out the fitness scores of the first 1000 persons he tested, he was appalled. "Most of our students are free from disease and physically unhealthy. That is, their general state of physical fitness is below the national college norm, which is pretty low anyway. More than 54 percent of all deaths in America last year were caused by disease of the heart or circulatory system. Medical doctors suspect that the stress and tensions of our way of life might be a major factor in the development of heart and blood vessel diseases." Terry, himself an avid jogger, sees exercise as a way toward relaxation as well as conditioning, and therefore as a key to good health. "We try to educate our students to the value of that vibrant, dynamic feeling that comes from being more than just well."

We have no way of knowing how much of our current sickness and malaise could be eliminated if people of all ages were turned on to "the vibrant, dynamic feeling that comes from being more than just well." But a number of scientists, notably Dr.



René Dubos, have marshaled evidence to show that way of life is a major factor in the incidence of sickness. The degenerative diseases—ulcers, colitis, asthma, arteriosclerosis, hypertension, obesity, and the like—are clearly associated with the life-style of the technologically advanced nations, and could undoubtedly be reduced by a change in that life-style, as could the current abuse of tobacco, alcohol, and other drugs. The healthy, fully active body provides the foundation for such a change.

In terms of health and economy, The New Physical Education makes good sense. What's more, professional journals, workshop sessions, and annual conventions of physical educators are filled with words of praise for it. Why, then, isn't it put into effect in every junior high, high school, and college in the nation? There are, of course, the usual inertia, the fear of change, the presence of an Old Guard too close to retirement for new-fangled ideas. But reformers in physical education face a problem unlike those of other educational reformers. It concerns their longtime love-hate relationship with athletics.

The male athletics department, which may or may not be part of the physical education department, is occupied with the voluntary, after-school, extramural sports program. Its job is to recruit, coach, and administer teams that will compete with teams in other schools. Athletics coaches are not necessarily members of the physical education department. The track coach might be a civics teacher. The football backfield coach might teach math. But athletics and physical education share common facilities; they use the same balls, the same gyms, the same fields. And, whenever possible, it is expected that physical educators will serve their stints as after-school coaches, for which they receive stipends from the athletics budget.

Actually, it's hard to draw a line between the two activities. And the athletics program, which serves relatively few students, often overshadows the physical education program, which serves all students. The backfield coach who is also a physical education teacher might support the theory of The New Physical Education, but he doesn't have time for it. He checks his sixty first-period students for proper dress, leads them through five minutes of calisthenics, gives them four volleyballs, and hurries back to continue analyzing the films of last week's football game with Central High.

In small communities with large high schools, the situation is particularly insusceptible to reform. There the high school football and basketball teams may well provide the town's major entertainment. Residents are proud to support their local athletics program while their own children go to seed physically. And those talented youngsters who do make the team may not be getting the best



preparation for a long life of healthy play. This is especially true in the case of football, a vivid sport that can be hazardous to one's health.

"I view football as an act between consenting adults," Dr. George Sheehan said. Dr. Sheehan, a cardiologist and internist in Red Bank, New Jersey, is medical editor for *Runner's World* magazine and a leading authority on sports medicine. "Actually, football and baseball players are not in very good shape. The life expectancy of football players is significantly shorter than that of their classmates, and their tendency to become obese in later years is greater than usual."

Football players are strong, quick, and fast over a distance of forty to sixty yards. At any greater distance, they risk embarrassment. There is something preposterous about a strapping linebacker lying helplessly on the artificial turf being administered oxygen after an unexpected eighty-yard interception runback. Few indeed are the pro football players who can run a mile in four minutes and forty-seven seconds, which is what George Sheehan ran at age fifty in setting the world's record for that age and over. But you don't have to go to aging world's-record holders to illustrate the poor conditioning that prevails in this sport; literally thousands of amateur runners in their forties, fifties, and even sixties could beat the average pro player over the distance of a mile or longer. The glamour of competitive sports and the traditional dominance of athletics departments tend to blind us to facts such as these.

The demand for women's rights in sports and physical education, sharply focused by the provisions of Title IX of the Education Amendments Act of 1972, cuts two ways as far as reform is concerned. Title IX withholds federal funds from any school or college that discriminates on the basis of sex in any of its programs, including physical education and athletics. One can imagine the threat this law poses to athletic scholarship programs, which now favor the male sex. The law may tend to cool off the present hot chase for male athletic stars, encourage co-ed physical education, and aid the reform movement. On the other hand, it may simply encourage women to mimic the old male model, to go all out for scholarships in female competitive sports, and to end up with cries of "Winning isn't everything. It's the only thing."



Why Johnny Can't Run

Proponents of The New Physical Education are certainly not asking that athletics be done away with. They are asking for a balance between programs for the few and for the many. One reformer in a tightly knit community with a popular high school football team explained how this balance might be achieved. "Right now, we have an opening for a physical education teacher in our high school. We also need a backfield coach for the football team. In the old days, we would have recruited for a backfield coach, period. What we're doing now is interviewing people to find someone who is a physical educator first and a backfield coach second."

Changes in physical education in secondary school are needed, and they are possible, but the roots of change go down to the early elementary grades. There one may find a form of physical education that could revolutionize the way children feel about sports and their own bodies. It generally goes under the label of "Movement Education."

In the old-model physical education, children in the lower grades are likely to be playing games and relays. This means that a great deal of the time they are just standing or sitting around. In some games (dodge ball, for instance), they stand or sit around after being eliminated. In other games (kickball and other variations of baseball), they stand or sit around waiting for their turns to strike or catch the single ball that is shared by two whole teams. In still others (capture the flag), they stand or sit around in "jail" waiting to be rescued by a teammate. Almost always, they spend time milling about while the game or relay is being organized. And under these peculiar and inefficient circumstances, they are to learn whether they are "winners" or "losers."

It's just assumed, in this games-and-relays approach, that all children know how to move efficiently, to throw, to judge others' movements, to coordinate hand and eye. Of course this is not so. Many, perhaps most, first-graders are not very

good at throwing or catching or performing other basic physical skills. Some children of that age, the majority of them boys, do happen to be good at the basic skills. Though the teacher may try to give all children a chance to play, the capable and aggressive boys tend to dominate the games. They become the "winners." And when the teacher is not supervising closely, these boys may begin forcing other children out of the games, helping establish that human category known as "losers." The girls drift away, realizing more and more that the athletic world is not for them. The unsuccessful boys find other things to do. Some of them retreat into books. Some become behavior problems. In the game itself voices become louder; movements become more frantic; play becomes rather unpleasant.

And the boys who dominate the games—the "winners"—are they getting the best physical education? Far from it. Driven to win, they are likely to repeat the primitive skills that first brought victory, and to compensate with aggression and large-muscle action for possible lack of the fine perceptions and small-muscle control required for high achievement in sports.

Movement Education, on the other hand, tries to cut the win/lose knot while systematically teaching the basic movement skills that are needed in sports and life. For one accustomed to the games-and-relays approach, a large room full of young children doing Movement Education makes a striking picture. In a class devoted to ball play, for example, every child has a ball and every child is moving.

"See if you can put the ball in the air without using your hands," the teacher says. The children use their feet, knees, forearms, wrists, elbows, and chins to handle the ball.

"Now roll your balls to each other, and see how many body parts you can use to stop them." More activity and experimentation. "Now, stand and move slowly around the room. Throw the balls to each other while you're moving. Throw gently." The air is filled with balls. Surprisingly, very few are dropped. Later, the children are asked to make up their own games with their balls. Everybody is involved.

The same approach is used for teaching balance, flexibility, strength, agility, control. Since the children are in constant motion, their aerobic capacity is also increased.

"The principles of the new approach to early physical education are simple," Dr. Margie Hanson, AAHPER elementary education consultant, told me. "There's a lot of equipment—every child has a ball or a jump rope. Every child is busy. No one gets eliminated. Everyone feels successful."

The equipment needed for Movement Education is not necessarily expensive. Most of it can be salvaged or built by teachers, parents, and children. For example, townspeople in Ocilla, Georgia, a village on the southern flatlands of that state, have

worked together to create a model program in The New Physical Education. Large, brightly painted tractor tires provide a tricky environment for movement exploration. "Show me how you can move without bumping into anybody," a teacher says in a thick southern accent as children scramble over the tires. Other children walk the lines of a giant map of the United States painted on pavement, solving the problem of moving from Oregon to Florida without leaving a line and without running into anyone else. Young boys and girls learn hand-eye coordination with yarn balls and bean bags sewn by volunteers. Older children climb a stairway made of telephone-pole-sized posts of varied heights. Some walk on stilts made of empty coffee cans. Others make their way across balance beams built by amateur carpenters.

Once elementary school teachers become involved in Movement Education, they are likely to become its most enthusiastic advocates. But sometimes the demand for it comes first from parents who have seen demonstrations. Jack Capon, consultant in physical education for the Alameda Unified School District in California, is one of the specialists who travel around the country introducing people to the new approach. In addition to his crusading work in his own district, Capon gives up to fifty weekend workshops in other communities during a school year.

Capon believes that better development of perception and movement skills can improve a child's ability to read and write. But he views this possible improvement as a by-product. "If it were proved that our work also helped a child read, that would be a great bonus. But our goal should be primarily efficiency of movement. After all, what more fundamental right do we have than to move with comfort and control?"

Other educators and researchers are more insistent in arguing that there is a direct connection between ability to move and ability to learn. The argument gains force in the case of those learning disabilities that seem to appear so mysteriously in many of our children today. Seeking to explain the disabilities, the behaviorists point to deficiencies in the environment, to poor "contingencies of reinforcement." The psychoanalysts tend to attribute them to dark, quasi-sexual relationships in the family. Both of these explanations, though true as far as they go, seem to leave something out: the body itself, the way of moving, the way of *being* in the world.

One of the boldest theorists now linking movement with learning disabilities is Dr. A. Jean Ayres of the University of Southern California. Dr. Ayres has observed that vestiges of certain infant muscular reflexes tend to show up in children who have trouble learning. For example, when an infant's neck is turned to the right, its right arm tends to extend and its left arm to curl up around its

head—a reflex motion that is self-protective. In the normal course of development, the reflex is "integrated" by nine months or so; in other words, the neck moves independently of the arms. In some children, however, this "tonic neck reflex" lingers on, so that there is unnecessary muscular action in the arms every time the head is turned. Sometimes the child will rotate the whole body to avoid rotation at the neck. Such an unwanted reflex makes graceful, controlled movements difficult. In addition, it can interfere with thinking. The reflex is normally integrated at the brainstem, so it is controlled automatically, without conscious thought. When it is not integrated, it must be controlled consciously, in the cortex of the brain, thus getting in the way of the child's attempt to read or to do other academic tasks.

The tonic neck reflex is only one of several for which Dr. Ayres has worked out a series of remedial physical activities. The Ayres work is usually offered not under the physical education program, but under the educationally handicapped program. Its primary aim is to improve not a child's ability to throw and catch a ball, but his ability to read and write. More and more studies show that the brain has something to do with perception and movement, that reading and writing are forms of perception and movement, that ultimately there is no way you can separate academic learning from movement, feeling, sensing, and the body.

I was greatly impressed when an Ayres-trained specialist unerringly picked out children with learning problems from random groups brought to her by their teachers, and did it with a series of simple movement tests taking no longer than five minutes. The specialist, Marsha Allen, a consultant to the Marin County (California) schools, was testing children in groups of eight and generally finding one or two children with infant reflexes in each group. Then a group came in that seemed to startle her.

She pulled the teacher to one side and said in a low voice: "I hope all your children aren't like these, because all of these are showing up with dysfunctions."

"Well, no," the teacher answered. "They're not all like this. On an impulse—I don't know why—I brought you all my children with learning problems first."

The connection indeed seems clear. When our children are turned away from the joys of the body in motion, they are not merely losing their chance to compete someday in the Superstars; they are being deprived of what is fundamental to all learning—coordination, perception, health. Top-flight competitive teams and television sports spectacles are well and good; they inform us on the nature of human potential. But it would be ironic if the current sports boom ended up by making us even more passive spectators. □

BRIDGE OF MUSIC, RIVER OF SAND

A story by William Goyen

Do you remember the bridge that we crossed over the river to get to Riverside? And if you looked over yonder you saw the railroad trestle? High and narrow? Well that's what he jumped off of. Into a nothing river. "River"! I could laugh. I can spit more than runs in that dry bed. In some places it's just a little damp, but that's it. That's your grand and rolling river: a damp spot. That's your remains of the grand old Trinity. Where can so much water go? I at least wish they'd do something about it. But what can they do? What can anybody do? You can't replace a river.

Anyway, if there'd been water, maybe he'd have made it, the naked diver. As it was, diving into the river as though there were water in it, he went head first into moist sand and drove into it like an arrow into flesh and was found in a position of somebody on his knees, headless, bent over looking for something. Looking for where the river vanished to? I was driving across the old river bridge when I said to myself, wait a minute, I believe I see something. I almost ran into the bridge railing. I felt a chill come over me.

What I did when I got off the bridge was to draw my car to the side of the road and get out and run down the riverbank around a rattlesnake that seemed to be placed there as a deterrent (the banks are crawling with them in July), and down; and what I came upon was a kind of avenue that the river had made and paved with gleaming white sand, wide and grand and empty. I crossed this ghostly thoroughfare of the river halfway, and when I got closer, my Lord Jesus God Almighty damn if I didn't see that it was half a naked hu-

man body in what would have been midstream were there water. I was scared to death. What ought I to do? Try to pull it out? I was scared to touch it. It was a heat-stunned afternoon. The July heat throbbed. The blue, steaming air waved like a veil. The feeling of something missing haunted me: it was the lost life of the river—something so powerful that it had haunted the countryside for miles around; you could feel it a long time before you came to it. In a landscape that was unnatural—flowing water was missing—everything else seemed unnatural. The river's vegetation was thin and starved-looking; it lived on the edge of sand instead of water; it seemed out of place.

If only I hadn't taken the old bridge. I was already open to a fine of five thousand dollars for driving across it, according to the sign, and I understood why. (Over yonder arched the shining new bridge. There was no traffic on it.) The flapping of loose boards and the quaking of the iron beams was terrifying. I almost panicked in the middle when the whole construction swayed and made such a sound of crackling and clanking. I was surprised the feeble structure hadn't more than a sign to prohibit passage over it—it should have been barricaded. At any rate, it was when I was in the middle of this rocking vehicle that seemed like some mad carnival ride that I saw the naked figure diving from the old railroad trestle. I dared not stop my car and so I maneuvered my way on, mechanical with terror, enchanted by the melodies that rose from the instruments of the bridge that played like some orchestra of xylophones and drums and cellos as I moved over it. Who would have known that the dead bridge, condemned and

closed away from human touch, had such music in it? I was on the other side now. Behind me the music was quieter, lowering into something like chime sounds and harness sounds and wagons; it shook like bells and tolled like soft, deep gongs.

His hands must have cut through the wet sand, carving a path for his head and shoulders. He was sunk to his waist: a figure with its head buried in the sand, as if it had decided not to look at the world anymore. And then, as I watched, the figure began to sink, as if someone were pulling it under. Slowly the stomach, lean and hairy, vanished; then the loins, thighs. The river, which had swallowed half this body, now seemed to be eating the rest of it. For a while the feet lay, soles up, on the sand. And then they went down, arched like a dancer's.

Who was the man drowned in a dry river? eaten by a dry river? devoured by sand? How would I explain, describe what had happened? I'd be judged to be out of my senses. And why would I tell somebody—the police or—anybody? There was nothing to be done, the diver was gone, the naked leaper was swallowed up. Unless somebody had pushed him over the bridge and he'd assumed a diving position to try to save himself. But what evidence was there? Well, I *had* to report what I'd seen, what I'd witnessed. Witness? To what? Would anybody believe me? There was no evidence anywhere. Well, I'd look, I'd search for evidence. I'd go up on the railroad trestle.

I climbed up. The trestle was perilously narrow and high. I could see a long ways out over Texas, green and steaming in July. I could see the scar of the river, I could see the healed-looking patches that were the orphaned bottomlands. I could see the tornado-shaped funnel of bilious smoke that twisted out of the mill in Riverside, enriching the owner and poisoning him, his family, and his neighbors. And I could see the old bridge which I'd just passed over and still trembling under my touch, arching perfect and precious, golden in the sunlight. The music I had wrought out of it was now stilled, except, it seemed, for a low, deep hum that rose from it. It seemed impossible that a train could move on these narrow tracks now grown over with weeds. As I walked, grasshoppers flared up in the dry heat.

I saw no footprints in the weeds, no sign of anybody having walked on the trestle—unless they walked on the rails or the ties. Where were the man's clothes? Unless he'd left them on the bank and run out naked onto the trestle. This meant searching on both sides of the trestle—Christ, what was I caught up in? It could also mean that he

was a suicide, my mind went on dogging me; or insane; it could also mean that nobody else was involved. Or was I suffering a kind of bridge madness, the vision that sometimes comes from going home again, of going back to places haunted by deep feeling? Had anyone ever told me the story of a man jumping into the river from the trestle? Could this be some tormented spirit doomed forever to re-enact his suicide? And if so, must he continue it, now that the river was gone? This thought struck me as rather pitiful.

How high the trestle was! It made me giddy to look down at the riverbed. I tried to find the spot where the diver had hit the dry river. There was absolutely no sign. The mouth of sand that had sucked him down before my very eyes had closed and sealed itself. The story was over, so far as I was concerned. Whatever had happened would be my secret. I had to give it up, let it go. You can understand that I had no choice, that that was the only thing I could do.

That was the summer I was making a sentimental trip through home regions, after fifteen years away. The bridge over the beloved old river had been one of my most touching memories—an object that hung in my memory of childhood like a precious toy. It was a fragile creation, of iron and wood, and so poetically arched, so slender, half a bracelet through which the green river ran. The superstructure was made more for a minaret than a bridge. From a distance it looked like an ornate pier, in Brighton or early Santa Monica; or, in the summer heat haze, a palace tower, a creation of gold. Closer, of course, it was an iron and wooden bridge of unusual beauty, shape, and design. It had always been an imperfect bridge, awry from the start. It had been built wrong—an engineering mistake: the ascent was too steep and the descent too sharp. But its beauty endured. And despite its irregularity, traffic had used the bridge at Riverside, without serious mishap, for many years. It was just an uncomfortable trip, and always somewhat disturbing, this awkward, surprising, and somehow mysterious crossing.

Some real things happened on this practical, if magical, device for crossing water. For one thing, since it swayed, my mother, in our childhood days, would refuse to ride across it. She would remove herself from the auto and walk across, holding on to the railing, while my father, cursing, drove the rest of us across. My sister and I peered back at the small figure of our mother laboring darkly and utterly alone on the infernal contraption which was her torment. I remember my father getting out of the car on the other side, waiting at the side of the road, looking toward the bridge, watching my mother's creeping progress. When she arrived, pale,

William Goyen is a Texas-born novelist and story writer whose first novel, *House of Breath*, published in 1950, has recently been reissued. A new collection of his stories will appear in the fall.

she declared, as she did each time, "I vow to the Lord if my sister Sarah didn't live in Riverside I'd never to my soul come near this place." "Well you could lie down in the back seat, put the cotton in your ears that you always bring, and never know it, as I keep telling you," said my father. "I'd still know it," my mother came back. "I'd still know we was on this infernal bridge." "Well, then, take the goddamn train from Palestine. Train trestle's flat." And, getting in the car and slamming the door, "Or stay home and just *write* to your damned sister Sarah. Married to a horse's ass, anyway . . ."

"Mama," said my sister, trying to pacify the situation. "Tell us about the time you almost drowned in the river and Daddy had to jump in and pull you out."

"Well, it was just right over yonder. We'd been fishing all morning, and . . ."

"Aw, for Christ's sake," my father said.

On the other side of the bridge, after a crossing of hazards and challenges, there was nothing more than a plain little town of mud streets and weather-faded shacks. The town of poor people lived around an ugly mill that puffed out like talcum something called Fuller's Earth. This substance lay on rooftops, on the ground, and in lungs. It smelled sour, and bit the eyes.

As I drove away toward that town, haunted by the vision of the leaping man, and now so shaken in my very spirit, lost to fact but brought to some odd truth which I could not yet clear for myself, I saw in the mirror the still image of the river bridge that had such hidden music in it, girdling the ghost of what it had been created for, that lost river that held in its bosom of sand the diving figure of the trestle that I was sure I had seen. I was coming in to Riverside, and already the stinging fumes of the mill brought tears to my eyes. □

DOUR FLICKA

Old plug, old sorrel mare
we named you "Flicka" from the movie
but the spinster in you drove the filly out.
Foaled when I was four, we reckon,
now you've slowly died beyond the gate
because not one of us was man enough to use the gun.
You never loved us, did you, never mooched
for oats, or nickered, lonesome, over fences—
and yet how close your bleak life's a frame for mine!
They say a horse at thirty's in its dotage,
I take such lore to heart, now, mid-thirty.

The sharpest little cow-horse in the county,
"turn on a dime and give 'em change,"
you'd primly separate the calves at roundup
despite my witless misdirections from the saddle.
Twice one afternoon you cut so sharp
you sent me flying like a flapjack;
in brush you did your best to scrape me off,
and once as my city girlfriend tried to mount
you reached around, old snake, and bit her fanny.
Jealous? No, just ornery—we
found better-tempered horses, still

how many trips beginning, longer and longer
away from home, have you stood alone as usual
like a stick horse in the farthest pasture
the last member of the family I'd see
and wave goodbye to, no one watching,
dour Flicka dainty hoof, so long.

by Jarold Ramsey

PAYING FOR COLLEGE

Many independent colleges and universities will have to shut down unless new sources of funding are found. This problem, argued Boston University President John Silber in the May *Atlantic*, is related to the rapid growth of state-supported university systems, generously financed by tax dollars and duplicating, on occasion, facilities and programs already available at the independent schools. What follows is a sampling of the many responses to President Silber's article—most of them edited for reasons of space and variety.

Analysis in Error

I admire John Silber's intrepid willingness to take up the cudgels in defense of the private/independent sector. I share his concern, but some points of his analysis are misleading and some are in error.

Silber builds his case for public aid to private institutions first upon his argument that such institutions

are performing important public services, and then upon his argument that tax-supported institutions often duplicate facilities and offerings in the private sector. A closer look at the national scene will reveal that the great expansion of public higher education facilities in the past decade and a half has been mainly in areas where private colleges were either reluctant or ill-prepared to offer services. Most especially is this the case with two-year community college facilities and with special vocational training on the post-secondary level.

It is particularly disingenuous of Silber to suggest that the very significant number of professionals educated in private colleges and universities have been "trained at little or no cost to the taxpayer." He suggests this to be the case especially with doctors and dentists educated at private professional schools. For better than a decade now, public tax dollars have provided huge subsidies for all medical education in the United States. Substantially more than one half the cost of medical education at private institutions has been covered by federal tax dollars.

There is already the beginning of an awareness, on both state and federal levels, of the desirability of channeling public support to private colleges and universities. I doubt seriously, however, that Silber's "tuition voucher" scheme would be the

best policy to achieve this objective. The free enterprise educational marketplace he suggests would be wasteful, would promote instability in the entire higher education sector, and would make planning and elimination of duplication even more difficult.

—JOSEPH DUFFEY
General Secretary, American
Association of University Professors

Statistics Casually Used

John Silber has got hold of the wrong end of the problem. The "private" colleges and universities are in trouble because their endowment and federal grant incomes are shrinking and their tuition cannot keep pace with rising costs. The "public" ones are in trouble because hard-pressed governors and legislatures, as well as the federal government research establishment, are reducing their appropriations.

But those who are really in trouble are the prospective students and their families who simply cannot afford the cost of a college education. Too many qualified students are still standing outside the doors of quality institutions. And for many of them, on the bottom rungs of the economic ladder, even a public college education is beyond reach.

A tuition voucher program seems to follow the method that Pat Moynihan described as feeding the spar-

rows by feeding the horses. Further, the proposal overlooks at least two aspects of reality:

First, institutional costs do not vary directly and immediately with shifts in student enrollment. Most institutional costs are fixed: plant maintenance, tenured faculty, junior faculty on multi-year contracts, etc. That is one reason why tuition meets only a fraction of the costs.

Second, undergraduate enrollments are not shrinking. They are rising and will continue to rise until 1980 throughout the country, and until 1983 in Massachusetts.

Given these two facts, a tuition voucher plan either would shift some students from public to private institutions—leaving the public institutions with unused capital and anxious applicants, but with a curtailed budget and program to offer their students—or, if the plan provided vouchers for every qualified applicant, would amount to a considerable drain on the state budget and a considerable windfall for some private institutions—and it would still fail to increase access for those who cannot afford any kind of higher education.

A more sensible solution might be the kind of scholarship program that has been enacted into law in New York and proposed in Massachusetts, providing needs-based awards to individual students with substantially higher stipends for those students admitted to private institutions.

It is not too early for overall planning to meet the higher costs and the changing needs of the new kinds of students (including older people seeking a second chance through higher education) who are beginning to trickle into the colleges. But cutthroat competition is not a good substitute for planning.

Nor, one must add, is Dr. Silber's casual use of statistics (for example, attributing the capital costs of a major medical school to the first generation of students) a contribution to rational discussion of these very important issues.

—ADAM YARMOLINSKY
Ralph Waldo Emerson Professor,
University of Massachusetts

Issues More Complicated

The validity of Dr. Silber's alternative financing proposal rests heavily on the assumption that public and private institutions provide the *same* education, and therefore, that cost is the critical distinction between the two alternatives. In reality, the matter is not this simple. Although there are obvious exceptions, the quality of education in private institutions is not generally available in the public system. Cost considerations aside, differential admissions standards still provide separation between the two educational markets. It is generally true that public universities are easier to enter, particularly for state residents. Dr. Silber's removal of the income barrier will not guarantee that students can attend the schools of their choice. Many students—particularly those handicapped by inadequate secondary educations—will end up at public universities simply because higher admissions standards will exclude them from the highly competitive private colleges. It is difficult to imagine that Boston University, Harvard, MIT, and comparable private schools would lower their standards to accommodate these students on any significant scale.

Dr. Silber fails to recognize that if private universities had produced enough graduates, there would have been little or no need for publicly funded universities. The public system has expanded opportunities for higher education, thus providing higher labor productivity and upward social mobility. This of course leaves aside the philosophical considerations regarding the value of a college education to a mass market.

It is extremely difficult to measure the cost of educating undergraduates. Average university costs may be approximately \$5000 per student, but the marginal cost of each additional student educated may be much lower. Allan Carter argues that colleges reach economies of scale with 1500–2000 students, and for universities this number is much larger. This is interesting, considering that in 1970 the average public university enrollment was

4823, while in the private system it amounted to 1382. Clearly, a large number of public and only a few private schools obtain scale economies.

There is also the vital issue of who “pays” and who “gets” under alternate higher-educational systems. As Dr. Silber is well aware, state tax dollars make up the greatest share of the differential access to funds between the two school systems; not tuition, not endowment, and not long-term capital. There is little doubt that those who approved the Morrill Act meant to collect taxes from the “haves” and to educate the “have-nots.” Regrettably, it has not worked that way. State and local tax revenues come largely from regressive taxes such as sales, excise, and property. Thus, it is not an excessive generalization to conclude that the lower-to-middle-income groups pay disproportionately to finance the public higher education of the middle-to-upper-income class. For instance, in the California system, where college attendance is more extensive than any other place in the world, the families of state university and community college students have incomes well above the median of the California population at large.

Dr. Silber does not consider this issue, and there is no reason to believe that it would be more equitably dealt with in a voucher system, since student vouchers would be based on the same tax system. Clearly, these outright subsidies would not diminish existing inequalities. In my opinion, the problem of who “pays” and who “gets” must be resolved before any decision on the voucher system is made.

I would suggest an alternative, a federal or state guaranteed loan-fund system, where students pay the full cost of their education—at whatever school. To assure a rational decision on the part of the student between public and private education, the state should move toward raising tuition charges to reflect costs more accurately. Unquestionably, the resulting tuition increases are justified by the higher earning potential of the student

over his lifetime, and this also eliminates the current regressive method of financing higher education.

—JAMES M. HOWELL
Senior Vice President,
The First National Bank of Boston

Costly for Taxpayers

Silber's proposition will be abhorrent to the defenders of public education, costly for the taxpayer, and of uncertain merit as social policy. By subsidizing every student, regardless of wealth or program of study, it would ease the burden now borne by the more prosperous part of the private sector, and transfer those costs into what Daniel Bell calls "the public household," where they must be paid by poor as well as rich, young as well as old.

Regrettably, it is easier to criticize such schemes than to devise a politically feasible plan that responds to the obvious social value of our independent colleges and universities with a strategy to help them. A few states have begun to do this. Massachusetts, alas, with the largest fraction of "private" enrollment in the nation, lags well behind New York, Pennsylvania, and (it must be said) even Texas and Georgia in this quest, despite its recent constitutional amendment easing the age-old ban against state aid to private institutions.

Yet the elements of such a plan seem clear enough: some limit on the growth of public colleges that displace, rather than augment, existing private institutions; need-based scholarships and loans that students can take to any college, public or private, and that are keyed to the price the institution charges as well as to the resources of the individual; some direct state subsidy of those private universities, or those faculties within them, that undertake to enroll state residents in state-sanctioned forms of post-secondary education. Easier said than done, but perhaps not beyond the reach of reasonable folks to devise and even to enact.

—CHESTER E. FINN, JR.
Research Associate,
The Brookings Institution

New Song, Old Words

I have reservations about Dr. Silber's voucher plan, a variant of many similar proposals. These proposals have in common that tuitions would be equal to the full cost per student of providing higher education, that students would be given the financial aid necessary to meet these tuitions, and that institutions would be wholly dependent on tuition income for their financing. These proposals have two weaknesses. One is that there is no assurance that necessary student aid would be forthcoming. The other is that students would achieve undue power and influence over higher education. When great power is exercised by any one interest, the entire academic community is vulnerable to impairment of academic freedom. The academic community is better off with diversity of control and diversity of financial sources.

Dr. Silber is right, however, in asserting that the gap between private and public tuitions, which now averages about \$1700, is unbearable for the private sector, and that relief is needed. I would favor a moderate plan of aid to private institutions, one that has been proposed by the National Council of Independent Colleges and Universities (*A National Policy for Private Education*). Under this plan, the states (with federal incentive aid) would provide tuition grants to students of private colleges. These grants would be equal to about half the state subsidy to students of public colleges. Such grants, averaging perhaps \$700 per student, would narrow the gap between private and public tuitions, and thus would improve the competitive position of the private sector without risking undue control by either government or students.

—HOWARD R. BOWEN
R. Stanton Avery Professor of
Economics and Education,
Claremont Graduate School

Logically Defensible, Politically Unfeasible

President John Silber is right when he says that we must find the

way now to balance supply and demand in higher education, and to do so without seriously weakening the independent colleges and universities. The overbuilding of state institutions can end up costing all of us more for the education of each student with little likelihood that the additional cost will produce any advantages.

President Silber's solution for the problem, tuition vouchers issued to students (who would then select independent or state-supported colleges as they wished), is logically defensible but politically unfeasible. The community of state-supported higher education will not buy it, and that community has muscle both in the state capitals and in Washington. What's more, there are plenty of problems with a large-scale voucher plan. Not the least of them is the difficulty of the interstate flow of students. The last I knew, Massachusetts was trying to stop its citizens from buying cheap whiskey in New Hampshire. Is it likely to accept student vouchers from New Mexico, or allow its students to take Massachusetts money to Florida and California? Another problem is the use of state vouchers to pay the costs of sectarian education. Even if the courts allow it, plenty of people won't like it.

The best hope of making sense of the higher education muddle is found in the further development of state-supported programs for aid to private colleges and to students attending private colleges—programs that have proliferated in more than thirty states in recent years, and that frequently encourage sensible planning for capital investment in higher education. These programs have the same problems of interstate relationships already mentioned, but efforts at interstate reciprocity are under way. An important second line of defense lies in the Federal Basic Educational Opportunity Grants program enacted in 1972. If fully funded and expanded to allow for inflationary costs, this already existing program would both open the independent institutions to a wider market of students and bring them some funds

for costs not covered by tuition.

Independent higher education has not done an effective job of letting the general public know that its tuition charges don't cover its costs; nor do parents and students seeking low-cost opportunities in state-supported colleges much care that these opportunities are generally provided by regressive taxes on people who don't use them as heavily as those who have more and pay less in proportion. These irrationalities in our higher education system need continued attention.

In the long run, the problem that worries me the most is the distinct possibility that our major graduate research universities (both public and private) are headed for a serious decline. Much more than a voucher system is needed to forestall this crisis. We depend more than most of us are willing to admit on a small group of precious institutions that will produce the knowledge and the trained intelligence necessary to cope with the uncertainties of the future. The present policies of state and national government hold no guarantees that the major research universities will be there to serve our needs in fifteen years.

—HAROLD HOWE, II
Vice President, Division of
Education and Research,
The Ford Foundation

Highly Misleading

The article by President Silber, although sensible and helpful in some ways, is highly misleading in others and contains a number of misstatements. I refer particularly to the paragraphs dealing with the University of Massachusetts Medical School.

After thirteen years of debate, the Massachusetts legislature created the school in 1962, not out of a "sense of shame" because we had no state school, but because the three private schools in Boston had failed to serve the needs of the Commonwealth. These needs were essentially two. The first was to provide an adequate number of physicians, properly distributed geographically

and by specialty, and the second was to provide for the admission of Massachusetts residents.

Despite a growing need, the number of Massachusetts residents admitted to the state's three private medical schools had declined from an average of over 50 percent in 1935 to 25 percent by 1965. By contrast, the proportion of state residents among student bodies at private medical schools in Pennsylvania and New York averaged 75 percent. Many medical schools have been created recently, in states both with and without private schools, as a means of controlling the admissions process, quality of education, and the number of physicians in those states.

In writing about the high cost of our school, Dr. Silber has overlooked the fact that a 400-bed tertiary care hospital is included, the only one outside of Boston to serve the Commonwealth. Other schools of the health professions can be added on at minimal expense because the hospital, library, lecture halls, and laboratories are designed to accommodate them.

When Dr. Silber referred to the cost of construction being a heavy burden on our taxpayers, he did not mention that over \$18 million came from the federal government; nor did he explain that the tax which pays for the debt and debt service is not a regular tax paid by all, but a luxury tax on cigarettes, paid by those who wish to smoke. When he divided our costs of operation this year by the number of students, he neglected to point out that start-up costs for a medical school, hotel, or hospital are far greater than when the institution is fully occupied. Nor did he allow for the fact that 10 percent of our present budget goes to support the hospital which is nearing completion but will not be used by students until it is occupied by patients.

Last, he implied that the school will have only 400 students. While this is the immediate goal of the trustees, the school could accommodate 696 students, should this be desirable.

To date we have admitted Massa-

chusetts residents only, and we have graduated two classes strongly interested in family practice and primary care. Because of our low tuition (\$600), students from families of limited means can obtain a medical education, the primary purpose of all state schools. Despite the low tuition, half of our students require scholarships and loans. Of the sixty-four students entering last fall, thirty-two had an average debt on admission of \$2800.

We believe we are serving the Commonwealth as those who voted for the school intended. We believe that we are doing it in a way which no private school has attempted to do or ever will.

—LAMAR SOUTTER, M.D.
Dean Emeritus, University of
Massachusetts Medical School

Tuition Vouchers Wise

Like President Silber, I find it astonishing that persons who say they want to save the taxpayer money advocate policies that would do just the reverse. Not long ago, a United States senator argued to me that it would be better if universities did not receive private donations, and instead got equivalent financial support direct from Washington. He was worried about the tax deductions claimed by donors of large gifts to places like Vanderbilt and Boston University. A Tennessee legislator told me this winter that while even one vacancy existed in institutions built by the state, he would oppose state assistance to students attending independent colleges and universities.

Both elected representatives of the people failed to comprehend three cardinal facts:

1. To achieve educational quality at lowest real cost, we must view all our colleges and universities, public and independent, as making up one educational world. Only then will greatest public value be realized from the variety and quality of educational resources that are already concentrated in independent institutions and that are annually attracted to them.

2. In the distinction admirably

made by Dr. Silber, "price" and "cost" are very different concepts. Tuition seldom covers cost at independent institutions and never at public ones.

3. Quality in American higher education can best be achieved through open competition for students among institutions competing on approximately equal terms.

Federal policies that would discourage private giving to colleges and universities are unsound. To the extent that they succeed, they will increase federal and state tax burdens and diminish educational opportunity. One and a half billion private dollars were given to U.S. colleges and universities in one recent year, half from individuals. The country will not readily abandon the educational services those dollars paid for.

State policies predicated on the concept that a tax dollar winding up in an independent institution leaves state-supported institutions poorer are short-sighted and unwise. A state can save tax dollars and in the long run fund its state-supported colleges and universities with *more* tax money for the things they need to do and can best do if it makes sensible use, in its educational planning, of the independent colleges and universities within its borders. Costs are reduced by doing things in more effective and efficient ways, not by shifting the immediate burden of paying for them.

Proposals for tuition vouchers such as that advocated by Dr. Silber could save us all money and make for better education in the bargain.

—ALEXANDER HEARD
Chancellor, Vanderbilt University

Must Reading

Would there were some power to force all state legislatures to read President Silber's "Paying the Bill for College." We might hear less of the sloppy arguments against state support for independent higher education.

Even so, I imagine the full shock is sometimes lost because Silber's figures are not always sufficiently explained. Take, for example, the

economic value of Boston University to the city, a "\$160-million windfall," to which should be added "bank accounts totaling \$23 million" and \$35 million in tourist money, etc. Those figures are *low*, not high. Seldom is the contribution of a college or university to its local community's economy appreciated fully, and this is so whether the institution is tax-supported or independent. When a state legislature refuses help for some independent institution, and adopts instead a "wasteful policy of imperialist duplication," leading to the decline or demise of that independent institution, the *local* taxpayer gets hit doubly: he is charged for the building of an unneeded facility, and he is penalized by the loss of the economic contribution to his community.

—MERRIMON CUNINGGIM
Advisor on Program Management,
The Ford Foundation

Minority Access

There is a real and critical difference between institutions which are open in their purpose to the public and those which are also fully accountable to the public. The trustees of an independent college are accountable for and to a private corporation. While this is not a bar to the use of public funds, it does limit the inherent ability of independent schools fully to represent and respond to the public interest.

The public interest, as President Silber rightly says, is in access to all who are qualified and can benefit by quality and cost-effective higher education. Massachusetts, despite an economy dependent on advanced technology and a wealth of private educational resources, is comparable to rural southern states in the percentage of its population in higher education. This pattern is not ultimately cost-effective for Massachusetts, and points to the poor performance of both sectors in providing and safeguarding access particularly for minority group members, the economically disadvantaged, and adults. Individual, one-point-in-time comparisons apart, minority enroll-

ment in aggregate is substantially greater in the public sector than in the private sector. The increased provision of access to minority and low-income students by the independent sector over the last decade is partly reflective of the example of the public sector; lacking a public sector, could increased access to the private sector have become a reality? To take one example, the state normal schools, from which Massachusetts' present state college system has evolved, have had a far more significant role in opening educational opportunities for women than the state's private women's colleges.

—PAUL PARKS
Secretary of Educational Affairs,
Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Best I've Read

John Silber's "Paying the Bill for College" is one of the best pieces I've read on reasons to support independent colleges. I like the change of emphasis—redefining "private" to "public."

—JANET F. UPJOHN
Board Member, Nazareth College
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Public Sector Triumphant

A generation ago, Joseph Schumpeter described the conquest of the private sector by the public sector, and forecast that it would steadily advance through the rest of the century, as indeed it has. It is visible everywhere, but conspicuously so in higher education, where, increasingly, we see private institutions *defeated* by public ones. Dr. Silber opposes this process with reason and with fact.

I fear, however, the reason and fact will not have much impact, for the forces at work—so Schumpeter judged, and such has been my own experience—are not at bottom rational, for all that they may be intellectual.

Thus, in the fifteen-year period 1957-1972, a reasonably coherent and sizable program of federal aid to higher education was worked out in the executive branch and in Congress. (Federal expenditure for 1975

In its quiet British way it's sup



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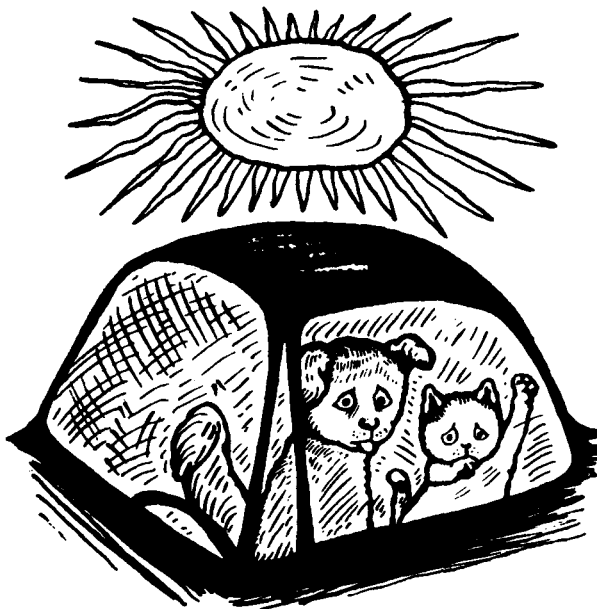
WARNING!

Leaving your pet in a parked car during the hot summer months, even for a short period, can result in the death of the animal.

Even though windows may be open (making the animal an easy prey for the pet-napper), a parked car becomes unbearably hot in a very short time, and the animal faces a cruel death from heat prostration. Air conditioned cars

are just as likely to become death traps when the cooling system is shut off.

For the sake of your pet, do not leave the animal in your car when the weather is hot.



Original drawing by Susan Perl

Friends of Animals
11 West 60th Street
New York, N.Y. 10023

comes to \$8.8 billion, four times the amount for 1965.) As one would expect and hope, this program was designed to benefit a very wide range of interests. The single exception, or almost that, was the private institution of higher education. This was by no means the necessary outcome, but, repeated at critical junctures, it appeared as the outcome the private institutions actually desired. I was much involved in some of these events, and came away rather suspicious of what went on. I don't think the private institutions were outsmarted. I think they got what, at some crucial level, they wanted. I wrote afterwards: "... Ethos has outcomes. In the main, the elite universities are opposed in principle to the social arrangements which make their existence possible." If I am right, then Dr. Silber's efforts are likely to be in vain. For he will not be supported by those who have the greatest direct interest in doing so. But I should be happy to learn I have been wrong, for we all have an interest in maintaining a mix of public and private in American life.

—DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN
formerly Professor of Government,
Harvard University, now U.S.
Ambassador to the United Nations

President Silber replies:

Dr. Soutter continues the standard confusions. If the extraordinary costs at the medical school are normal, then there are other new medical schools with comparable costs. I have repeatedly asked the University of Massachusetts administration for the name of such a school. None has been forthcoming.

Even if a sixth of the construction cost was paid by federal grants, that does not lessen its impact upon the local taxpayer. Surely Dr. Soutter understands that for every federal grant dollar received by Massachusetts, Massachusetts taxpayers pay \$1.12 in federal taxes. Their "small share" of the \$18 million is in fact 112 percent of it.

There is no trick in charging a \$600 tuition as long as the taxpayer

is there to supply the needed millions. The independent medical schools could train doctors at zero tuition under a contract system at a cost of perhaps \$12,000 to the taxpayer for each student. Full enrollment at Worcester will cost at least five times this amount.

Professor Yarmolinsky finds my statistical treatment of debt service at the medical school casual. In fact, it is a careful analysis of what the medical school actually costs the taxpayer during one year. If Yarmolinsky disputes these figures, he should provide and document better ones. How would he describe the statistical analysis provided by the University of Massachusetts which simply ignores debt service, a \$50 million item in this year's budget? My concern is not primarily with institutions, but with enabling students to attend them. I stated the priority quite simply: to give meaning to equal opportunity in education. A voucher plan would facilitate this national objective, and I for one am willing to feed the students and let the colleges take care of themselves.

Professor Bowen confuses my voucher plan with other very different proposals. I explicitly oppose any raise in the state sector tuition unless compensated for by adequately increased student aid; thus, my proposal has nothing in common with the proposals to which he compares it. Bowen's concern that heavy dependence on student tuition would result in student dictation of educational programs betrays his provincial association with heavily endowed institutions, where tuition is a relatively less important item of income. At least 1300 of the 1500 independent institutions that educate the vast majority of students in the independent sector have long since learned to preserve their academic integrity despite the fact that most of their income is derived from tuition.

President Silber asks us to point out that the page of statistics and the graph accompanying his article in the May issue were added by The Atlantic's editors.

Secretary Parks is properly concerned about the education of women and minorities, but I do not agree with him that the state sector has been more responsive to these needs than the independent. The most recent HEW figures show that the independent sector in Massachusetts educates 8741 minority students who represent 6.4 percent of its total enrollment. The state sector, by contrast, educates only 4306 minority students, or 5.2 percent. In the education of women, the independent sector enrolls 60,010, comprising 43 percent of its total enrollment, compared to 47,418, or 49 percent of the total enrollment educated in state institutions. The independent sector can lead in the education of the poor if the state extends to residents adequate subsidies which may be used either in state or in independent schools.

I do not agree with Mr. Howell that the quality of education available in independent institutions is generally not available in state-supported ones, for each sector embraces a range of quality from mediocrity to excellence. The state sector has been able to compete with the independent sector in quality except in one area, in the provision of small schools. Indeed, I do recognize the inability of the independent universities to provide enough graduates. But I also recognize that the independent sector nearly doubled in size from 1945 to 1970. It showed no lack of awareness of the need to increase educational opportunity in this nation, and the limit on its expansion is explained primarily by the limitation in its capital resources. Taxpayer-supplied capital was necessary to expand the state sector as one means of meeting the public's need for higher education, but it is no argument for the continuation of this expansion to the point of redundancy.

I fully support the existence of state-supported higher education. What I have been attacking is the superstition that requires state-supported higher education to be conducted only in institutions built and owned by the state. □

EDINBURGH: A CITY AWAKENS

by Frances Koltun

Though aspects of Edinburgh seem changeless, the great Scottish city has moved forcefully and for the most part engagingly into the 1970s. Orderly and stable in a world racked by uncertainty and urban ills, the city is becoming for some Americans a beguiling alternative as a place in which to work and live. An expert traveler and city-watcher tells why.

Edinburgh is a city of pure drama. It sits on a natural terrain of ridges, hills, ravines, and stupendous rocks as sharp-edged as a piece of crumpled steel. An amalgam of light and shadow, brightness and gray mist, it joins two separate parts: an Old Town, whose craggy skyline is one of the most dramatic in the world, and a New Town, an eighteenth-century concept of fine residences that is Europe's largest stretch of Georgian houses. A subtle, somber, yet exciting city, it can thrill or chill a visitor, for its striking townscapes—its Castle, its sky-piercing churches, its superb crescents—are marvelously thrilling to the eye, but its inner life is pulled back out of sight. At night the city becomes a tomb, the yellow streetlamps flickering in the mist.

Change does not come easily to Edinburgh. The city has accommodated to modern life without yielding much of its old gray stone or its leisured, almost nineteenth-century use of time. But now the quiet offices behind the Georgian facades hold brisk talk of oil rigs, environmental protection, and Scottish nationalism. After decades of sleep, of being patronizingly treated by the English as a backwater, a provincial city, Edinburgh is moving more center-stage in British life.

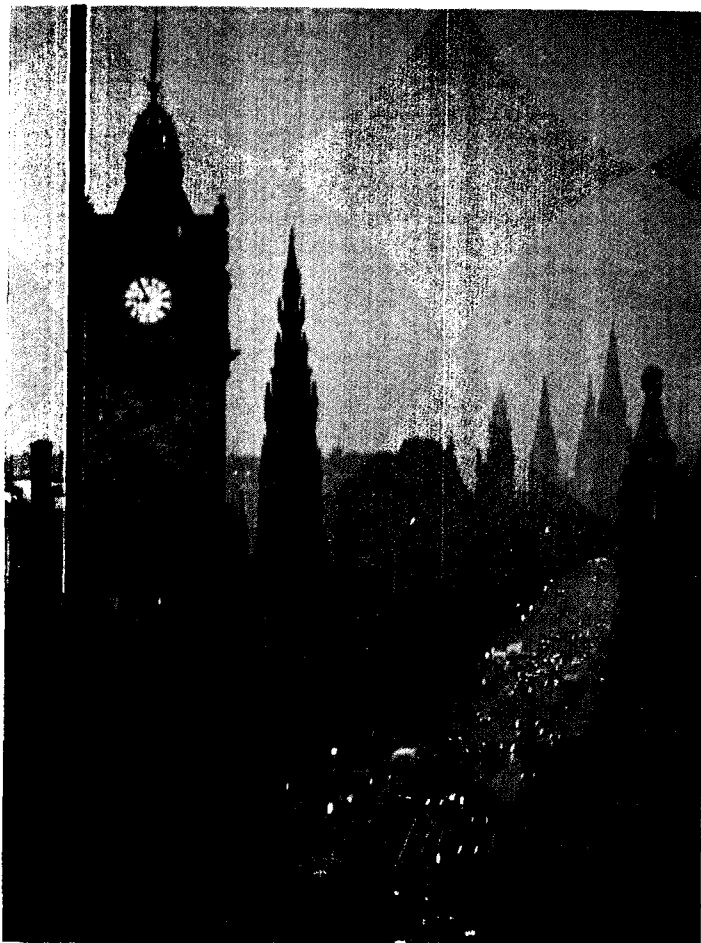
For things have begun to shift in all of Scotland,

a sparsely populated land of 30,411 square miles and 5,200,000 people. There's a promise of new economics, born of North Sea oil; a dramatic switch in the pattern of immigration (last year, for the first time in thirty years, more people came into Scotland than left it); and the extraordinary possibilities of rearranging more than two and a half centuries of established, accepted patterns with England. According to a report issued by the Hudson Institute, Scotland has the greatest growth prospect of any area of the United Kingdom, and one of the highest in Europe. (Scotland has always known more unemployment than England. Today Edinburgh's unemployment figure is only slightly greater than that of London, and it is far less than that in the west of Scotland.) In the freshly minted optimism of this moment, Scotland and Edinburgh know that once more, they matter.

With the Scots, the present is likely, always, to



Counterclockwise from near right: Pipers in regimental dress perform a tattoo; Edinburgh's spires by night; the Law Courts, Parliament Hall; Princes Street gardens.



evoke the past. To understand the current ferment, therefore, one must know something of the past, for at the heart of the arguments that rage about the future is a yearning to redress a wrong that started in 1603, when James VI of Scotland became James I of England, thus uniting the two crowns. James moved court, courtiers, and retinue to London, beginning a tilt toward the southeast that was furthered when Scotland and England joined their Parliaments in 1707 and became an entity under the Act of Union. The injustice of that tilt, of the subsequent draining off of men, power, money, Parliament, and decision to Lon-

don, of the clearing of Scottish lands by the English, still burns in the hearts of the Scots. Now, with the heady realization that, because of North Sea oil, Scotland can have a self-sufficient economy of its own, that it can even break away from Britain, the Scots want the inbalance of the last 250 years righted.

Alastair Dunnett, former editor of *The Scotsman*, is now head of the Thomson Organization's venture into North Sea oil. His office, in a Georgian building on Charlotte Square, faces Robert Adam's most handsome facades. Surrounded by studies of shorelines, storage tanks, and environmental pro-

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Started in 1947, when Europe was war-weary and depressed, the Edinburgh Festival is frequently described as the first good thing that happened to Europe after the war. The idea began with Rudolf Bing, then general manager of the Glyndebourne Opera, and his association with first-rate artists all over the world set for the festival the high standard it still maintains. It has brought together all kinds of music, Shakespeare, avant-garde theater, foreign drama companies, comedy, revue, films, art exhibitions, and poetry readings. During the festival, the sudden mingling of foreigners on the streets brings a gust of cosmopolitanism to Edinburgh.

A three-week binge that takes place in late August and early September, the festival starts at eleven in the morning and goes on all day. Added to the official program is the "Fringe," or subfestival, that began in a casual way four years after the original; many who never attend the regular festival go to the Fringe. All one needs to

perform as part of the Fringe is space; and college groups, inspired amateurs, and professionals who want to be close to a world stage play in church halls, school assemblies, even garages.

The festival has rippled out over Scotland's cultural life. It has helped to create an acceptance of experimental theater. It has spurred the growth of the Scottish National Orchestra, the Scottish Opera, and ballet, inspiring them to reach for world standards. In the last three decades, Scottish energy has poured into music, painting, and poetry, which is very much alive here, and poets such as Hugh MacDiarmid and Norman MacCaig are widely known and read.

This year's festival will feature performers from twenty-nine countries, including the New York Philharmonic, with Pierre Boulez; the Israel Philharmonic, with Zubin Mehta; and the National Orchestra, Paris, conducted by Leonard Bernstein. The Edinburgh Festival Opera will do Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, with

Daniel Barenboim conducting and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau singing the Count; Rudolf Nureyev will dance with the Royal Ballet, and this will be the first time the company has been at Edinburgh in some years. Drama will include contributions by the Young Vic, under director Luca Roncona, whose *Orlando Furioso* was a sensation of the 1970 festival.

Ticket sales are controlled from Edinburgh, so the simplest way to get reservations is to write to the Edinburgh Festival Society, 21 Market Street, Edinburgh EH1 1BW, Scotland, for a program, decide what you'd like to see, and send in a check. A good travel agent, the British Tourist Authority, or British Airways may have copies of the festival program. Although it is the essence of wisdom to arrive with a hotel booking in your hand, in a pinch festival headquarters will get you accommodations in anything from a private house to a top hotel. They claim that no one has ever been turned away.

-F.K.

tection, he is an Establishment figure, the contemporary Scottish businessman. In his expressive, exuberant way, he says: "We in Scotland tried so hard to make Union work—but now no one calls this country anything but 'England.' We are pretty determined in Scotland to try another way. The people in Westminster picture Scotland as a 'suburb of a place.' It's not good enough; just not good enough. We are not going to be anybody's suburb. The British Commonwealth has written nearly twenty constitutions for developing countries. It's about time we wrote one for ourselves. We want the Parliament back that was dissolved in 1707."

George MacGregor works for the Scottish Council (Development and Industry). A handsome, bearded man, his voice thickly, musically burry, he expresses some of the fears and frustrations of the Scots today: "For decades, we Scots, with all our good training and education, could find no work here. We had to go off to London or Canada or to the States. Now oil is giving back to Scotland its self-respect and its pride, and the Scots are staying. This country can be very wealthy, *if* some of the wealth stays in Scotland, and *if* it spreads. It *could* all go off to London or Holland or even America, but we are determined not to let that happen."

And it is this determination not to be done out of the riches that lie off their shores, not to be deprived of the jobs, the revenues, the technical expertise in oil that they hope to export later to other nations, that lies behind two words that constantly ring through Scots' conversations: "devolution" and "Assembly."

To "devolve" is "to transfer or delegate (a duty, responsibility, etc.) to or upon another," and the Scots use the word "devolution" for the course by which they will regain control of the processes of government. "Assembly" is meant to describe a government council that has yet to be specifically defined. Both the Labour and the Conservative parties, knowing the sentiments of the Scottish people, came out in support of both ideas in the election last fall, then tended to forget about them; for to create another level of government in Scotland would bring about many complex problems which Whitehall would prefer to put off as long as possible.

But dilatory as the government is, it cannot wait too long, for there is always the prod of the Scottish Nationalist Party, or SNP, which claims to be Europe's fastest growing political party. Certainly it has made dazzling progress, eating into the strength of both Labour and Conservative, becoming, in fact, Scotland's second party, after Labour, gathering 30 percent of the vote and eleven of Scotland's allotted seventy-one parliamentary seats

in the October, 1974, election. (Just ten years earlier, in 1964, it had received only 2.4 percent of the vote.)

With the SNP's growth, an incredible political drama is shaping up; while at the moment most Scots still wish to stay joined to England in some way, Scotland could slip out of Westminster's grasp. In the last elections, the SNP lost many constituencies by only tiny margins. (Its slogan, "Why be a poor Briton when you can be a rich Scot?" had its effect.) Should it close that margin in the next election, it could win a majority of the Scottish seats in Parliament; if that happened, the Scots, according to some political analysts, could claim the right to self-determination under the United Nations charter and ask the British government to grant them self-government. And Scotland, like Norway, its small neighbor across the North Sea, would emerge as an independent nation with rich oil resources.

Even as the Scots reach to discover their own way, most people find it hard to visualize a future without England, and most of those who vote for the SNP do it as a "strategy," using their vote to create a lever against London, the Labourites, and the Conservatives to force them to pay greater attention to Scottish needs and Scottish demands. Dougie Pincott, a lorry driver in his early forties, votes for the SNP because "you never hear Scotland mentioned nationally." Joe Curran, a small, quiet man in his mid-fifties, a company messenger and a staunch Labourite, thinks the SNP has done a lot for Scotland, but he is "dead set against separation. It's merely a romantic notion." On the other hand, Willie Nicoll, who works in the building trades, calls the SNP the "Tartan Tories" because they are not left-wing enough. (Generally the SNP stands just slightly left of center.) Most people feel that it is dissatisfaction with English rule, rather than a genuine yearning for separation, that has caused the SNP's yeasty growth. Yet the future can take unforeseeable and dramatic turns; and in order to lay the facts squarely before the English, most of whom are appallingly myopic on the subject of Scotland, the estimable *Financial Times* recently ran an article headlined "Political Truths the English Must Face":

There is now measurable and impressive popular support for the notion of self-government as such. Similarly, while it used to be possible to say that Labour would be most capable of dominating a Scottish Assembly, the strong possibility now is that Westminster will be dealing with a Nationalist-run Assembly, dedicated to expanding its control of Scottish affairs.

The ground is still shifting towards the SNP: indeed, there now often seems to be a certain inevitability about the momentum of the movement towards independence. . . .

Frances Koltun has wide experience as a travel writer and as a broadcaster for radio and television.

When Assembly comes, it will, of course, sit in Edinburgh, the country's capital, and if it has any measure of power, Edinburgh could again become a great city. It once knew a time of brilliance, in the eighteenth century, when, after the union with England and the defeat of the rebellious Bonnie Prince Charlie, commerce flourished and peace settled upon the country. Then, Edinburgh acted as a magnet on the best minds in Scotland and began to attract and produce men of international reputation, such as David Hume and Adam Smith. Philosophers, writers, inventors, architects, engineers, men of medicine and science filled her pubs. In 1786, Robert Burns came to Edinburgh to see about a second publication of his poems and to meet the great figures of the day. In George Square, a fifteen-year-old student, Walter Scott, was living with his parents. Edinburgh had its Age of Enlightenment, then faded in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Although history has sluiced through its streets, Edinburgh has always been a small city, and deliberately remains one today. (Its population is now only 480,000, just half of Glasgow's.) Indeed, to understand Edinburgh, one must think small. Scale is all—and quality—for although it has lost court, Parliament, and government to London, Edinburgh has been Scotland's capital for more than 250

years, and holds much of the grandeur that goes with capitals: the Supreme Court, the National Library, the headquarters of the Church of Scotland, the seat of the Secretary of State for Scotland (the country's highest office), the Scottish National Orchestra, the National Gallery, all in gentle, comprehensible size. Only its Festival, an outpouring each August and September of the best in drama, music, art, and films, is an event that is larger than life.

Everything started with the Castle, the city's signature, crouching like a lion on its stupendous rock, solitary, jutting over the valley below, its steep cliffs now green with grass. The Castle is Edinburgh's familiar hulk, the dramatic presence of the city's skyline, in constant duet with the pale sun, a changing shape, bulk, and silhouette, a kind of theater that goes on all day.

Edinburgh's Old Town began as a cluster that huddled at the Castle's foot, then inched its way along the narrow spine that is now called the Royal Mile, the tight connecting street between the Castle and its companion piece, the Palace of Holyroodhouse. Buildings were improvised—the architecture of stonemasons and builders—and even today, the Royal Mile enchants one with its whimsicalities: the crowstepped gables and capped turrets, the narrow wynds and the dark closes; the carved stonework; the sudden glimpse of city and river.

Along the Royal Mile, one remembers those two combatants: Mary Stuart, the tolerant Catholic queen, and John Knox, the sanctimonious figure of gloom. Here are the oldest memories of Edinburgh.

By the middle of the eighteenth century, the Old Town was not enough. In the close quarters of the Royal Mile, squalid tenements rose eight, ten, even fourteen stories off the ground. Edinburgh had developed a prosperous middle class of gentry, merchants, and professionals, who began to look longingly at the spread of soft green hills beyond the Castle; feeling rich, cramped, and optimistic, they decided "to form a splendid and magnificent city." And so the New Town (actually five New Towns, built from a single, original eighteenth-century conception, from the Georgian through the Victorian and into the Regency period) was born: great row houses in squares, terraces, circles, crescents, and wide grid streets, about which Lewis Mumford, the distinguished architecture critic, wrote, "there are few better urban quarters anywhere."

Two hundred years after it was started, the New Town is still a marvelous place to live. Its houses are large but not daunting. Its flats are remarkably generous and well-proportioned, with high ceilings. Its plasterwork, woodwork, fireplaces, and stairs are still enrichments to the eye. Most of the people who live in the New Town are prosperous professionals and merchants, the kinds of people for

GOLF Golf came to Scotland from Holland (soldiers serving in the Hundred Years' War in the fifteenth century brought it home) and dug itself into Scottish life. Of the twenty-two golf courses within the boundaries of Edinburgh alone, six are public; the rest are the private courses and the clubs the Scots love. East of Edinburgh, one seaside stretch of about six miles contains seven courses. In summer, twilight drifts in at about ten or eleven o'clock, and the golfers—some of them families playing together—are out there as long as daylight lasts. It is a local boast that since it never snows hard enough to cover the fairways, one can have a golf game every day of the year.

—F.K.

whom these houses were first built. Many of the buildings have been split up into smaller flats; many others are used as offices. The New Town, then, is both the residential and the business heart, and Edinburgh is still that rarest of cities, a place of walking distances.

But smallness, compactness, and the conceit of a rich past all have their defects, and Edinburgh can be maddeningly provincial. It is a place where women wear hats to market and to luncheon, where gossip is the stuff of conversation, and where appearances are important. Critics call Edinburgh the place of Pride and Poverty, the place where facades count, and indeed, behind the handsome house fronts there are often mean little kitchens, back yards meaner still, and dismal interiors.

Its poorer sections have the drabness of any northern British city, made all the more spirit-quenching by the omnipresent dark, gray, gloomy kirk spire. There are dull little shops and dull little houses. The lower-middle classes and the poor—the people who work in the breweries, the printing plants, the chemical plants, or on the Leith docks—live in Council housing, inexpensive, government-subsidized blocks of flats, lifeless rectangles reminiscent of our own low-end or welfare housing, or in a handful of drab tenements (although these are steadily being cleared up and reconverted). About one third of the housing in Edinburgh is owned and rented by the city, yet because it has had less industrialization than other places, and therefore less dereliction and decay, Edinburgh considers itself a wealthy city, with fewer poor and working-class areas than elsewhere in Scotland.

One of the glories of Edinburgh is that one never feels closed in. Throughout the city, those open spaces of green that a city person needs for balance slip in. Queen's Park has its own mountain, Arthur's Seat, so that in the midst of the city there is an outcropping of stone, a convulsion of the earth some 823 feet high, on which one can walk or climb. There is a bird sanctuary close to the road, and sheep graze in a meadow only two miles from Princes Street, the main shopping mall. Cramond, an old Roman port within the boundaries of Edinburgh, is a cluster of whitewashed cottages on the edge of the sea. You can have a robust lunch at an inn here, feel yourself deep in the country, yet be back in Edinburgh's center in ten minutes. The siting of Edinburgh's houses to take advantage of its rises and views, their low roofs, the Pentland Hills, a nearby place for walkers and skiers, and, of course, the twenty-two golf courses within the very limits of the city, all add to Edinburgh's sense of space.

The North Sea, that gray, ferocious water, pierces the body of Scotland, creating the Firth of

Forth, one of its great estuaries, and Edinburgh sits on the very edge of it. The haar, a heavy mist, comes in from the sea, bringing dampness, darkness, and a certain moodiness throughout the year. On cold winter evenings, mist shrouds the streets and streetlamps, and the wind blows hard. Edinburgh is on a latitude with mid-Labrador, northerly enough to have summer days whose light lasts until eleven or midnight; but the Gulf Stream gentles the cold. The city gets practically no snow, but the chill of the outdoors seems to last in one's bones, because central heating, while common in good hotels, is still considered an indulgence, and the northern sun is too pale and weak to burn away the dampness of the mist. Edinburgh's light can be gorgeous: a luminescent, pearly glow that comes from swift gray clouds, overhanging mist, and a struggling sun, and there are times when the subtle northern sky makes the strong, sunny light of southern countries seem vulgar.

To keep out the chill of a winter's day, or the coolness of a summer one, there are open fires, cashmere sweaters, and the pure, honeyed, silken

PUBS The Scots dearly love a good chat, and are at their most expansive in their pubs. Pub hours are 11 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. and 5 P.M. to 10 P.M. on weekdays; never on Sunday, except for the public bars in hotels, where travelers may drink at any time, as may members in private clubs. Women were finally allowed into pubs about ten years ago.

Rose Street, just behind Princes Street, is a center of pubs. Try Scott's, a favorite hangout since 1899; also the Abbotsford, at the other end of Rose Street. To sample the locally brewed product, ask for a glass of Youngers or McEwans or any of the single-malt Scotch whiskies; or on a very cold day, a Whisky Mac, a mixture of whisky and Crabbe's green ginger wine, guaranteed to warm the blood.

—F.K.

joy of a good malt whisky. The Scots revel in their whiskies, and are generally heavy drinkers (alcoholism is common). While we are familiar with blended whiskies, Scotland's largest export, it is the single-malt whiskies, slowly aged, painstakingly produced, that are the best of the Scotches. Some are light, some peaty; all slowly explode in one's throat, and are far too satisfying ever to be mixed with water. To sip a dram of a whisky like Glenmorangie is to know how Scotch is meant to taste.

When Scotland's institutions were absorbed by England in the early eighteenth century, two remained separate and apart and wholly Scottish—the Law and the Church—and both are at the soul of Edinburgh. Of all the city's professions, the law is the most lofty and prestigious. Lawyers are either solicitors or advocates; the latter, like the English barristers, argue cases in court. Most of the country's 120 practicing advocates are in Edinburgh, which is the center of the law courts. It is a point of national pride that English law is *foreign* law in Scotland, and must be proved in Scottish courts.

The Church of Scotland is regarded as a Presence in Edinburgh's life. The voice of the Church is heard on public issues, and is a strong moral force. There are 1900 Presbyterian ministers and 1,100,000 communicant members, a high percentage in a nation of 5,200,000. Church buildings

are sprinkled throughout Edinburgh, their spires angled into the sky. There is a moral chill in the air, a wariness of excess that mutes the city, especially after dark. Even Christmas is somber, and is treated solely as a religious holiday. Only in recent years have the Scots begun to give gifts to children. (The time for "pagan" rejoicing is the New Year.) Sunday is a day of fairly strict Sabbatarian observance, and it wasn't until two years ago that one could play golf on public courses on Sunday.

The University of Edinburgh has long had a distinguished faculty in medicine, and some of the nation's earliest heroes were its men of science. Edinburgh is Scotland's financial center, and money managers of all kinds work here—bankers, insurance specialists, investment brokers, and chartered accountants. (While the road to corporate heights in the United States is usually not via accountancy, in Britain it is. To be a chartered accountant, to have taken a rugged five-year course and to be initiated into all the competencies that go with making money, is a very good thing in Edinburgh.) The concept of investment trusts was invented in Scotland, and was the forerunner of our own mutual funds; and Edinburgh has a finely tuned international financial perspective, for the Scots have had to look beyond their boundaries for investment possibilities for the last 150 years. It was Scottish money that financed America's railroads, and today Scottish investments build mines in South America and jute factories in India.

SCOTTISH FOOD AND RESTAURANTS

The Scots try valiantly to convince travelers that Scotland does indeed have originalities in the kitchen, and on menus you will run into such strange words as "rumbledethumps" (boiled potatoes and cabbage "thumped" together) and "Cullen Skink" (a fish stew), or dishes such as trout or herring fillets coated in oatmeal. The best food comes from the sea, the fields, and the pastures: salmon, lobster, herring, and cod; partridge, grouse, and pheasant; steaks and sweet-tasting lamb. Oatmeal shows up frequently, and there is always a good, hearty Scotch broth.

High Tea is served at

6 P.M.: scones, jam, cakes, soft-boiled eggs, minced beef, cold meats, finnan haddie, washed down with torrents of tea. Haggis, of course, is the national dish. It is made of the heart, liver, and other innards of a sheep minced with suet, mixed with oatmeal, seasoned rather highly, and boiled in the stomach of the animal. A heavy mix meant originally as peasants' food, to stretch a thin larder and fill up an empty stomach, it is a marvelously comforting dish on a cold day when taken with a good Scotch whisky.

For a series of pleasant meals, go to:

Café Royal—a splendor of wood panelling with a grand dining room, a pub, an oyster bar, and other places to dine, all quartered in an Edwardian building; Prestonfield House—a romantic dining room, brilliant with silver and softened with candlelight—excellent roast beef; Cramond Inn—a small country inn on the Firth of Forth that buzzes at lunchtime—good steak and kidney pie, roast duck; the Howgate—delicious Danish open sandwiches and a good, inexpensive lunch; Cosmos—fine Italian food and good service.

—F.K.

Edinburgh: A City Awakens

Edinburgh arouses unique affection and loyalty among those who live here, and even its insufficiencies are treated as virtues. Elaine Caplan, an ex-Glaswegian, a wealthy, worldly woman with a son at Cambridge, stays in Edinburgh. In a soft, lilting voice, she says, "Actually, Edinburgh is one of the quietest of European cities, and its pleasures are gentle pleasures. The townscapes are extraordinarily beautiful, so there's lots of visual excitement. As for night life, there's none in the traditional sense, but there is music, theater. Edinburgh is so sane, slightly puritanical, slightly austere."

At the end of the day, Edinburgh pulls behind its curtains, and home is where everyone is meant to be. It is then one realizes what a small city Edinburgh is. The restaurant scene is far from showy or elegant. There are a scattering of movie theaters, a couple of shows imported from London, a concert about once a week, and the poetry readings and experimental plays at the Traverse Theatre. This is not a very rich choice for a capital, and it underscores how much the Scots turn inside—to the warmth of their own fires—for their diversion. The great row houses become fortresses of privacy, and since the Scots, especially the upper-class Scots, tend toward a certain formality in their social relations, an outsider can feel shut out. In this section of Edinburgh's society, there is a Victorian feeling that, to make one's way socially, one had better come bearing a neat packet of the right letters of introduction.

To see the Scots at their most expansive, one must go to the pubs, the places for talk, for galloping conversation. There is a myth that the Scots are dour and taciturn, and it badly needs debunking. For all their practical air, steel-rimmed glasses, slender, serious faces, and seemingly solemn views of life, the Scots are a verbose, cheerful people who, being Celtic, share with the Irish and the Welsh a flair for talk. Words, sentences, paragraphs pour out, brilliant with imagery. They fill the hours and days with a continuity of gusty conversation which never lapses into dullness, and in their pubs they reach out to include the visitor.

And when the pubs close at ten, one walks home through the hushed streets without tension. As eerie and lonely as the yellow-lighted, misty streets are, there is no threat in the air, no violence. It is exhilarating to walk along at night, unterrorized and unafraid of footfalls, a pleasure so many of us have forgotten. Mugging is a rare crime here; murder rarer still. All of Scotland, with its five million people, had thirty-eight cases of murder in 1974, compared to about 900 for Chicago alone.

Is Edinburgh, then, an alternative to America? Actually, Americans are beginning to slip into the city. Where once they came mostly as medical stu-

dents, they now come to work in oil or in banking connected with oil, from Louisiana, New York, Chicago. Quietly, a small colony is gathering. One thinks about living here, in a splendid house or flat, surrounded by good talk, unthreatened by crime, in a city that can be managed in walking distances, close to the countryside, and with just enough theater, music, and university life to keep one's mind humming. One thinks about the golf, about the fact that prices are lower than in London, Paris, or the United States, about the coming excitement when Assembly will take shape in Edinburgh. One speculates about the changes that will come when oil begins to flow out of the sea and oil money begins to drift down through the economy. And one remembers, too, Edinburgh's darker side: its love of conformity and the quietening hand of the Church, the haar, and the dampness, and the provincialism. It's easy to imagine how one could hunger here for sunshine, for tall shining buildings, for the bang, the busyness, and the intensity of a big city. But for those to whom a small, history-rich place appeals, Edinburgh offers, if not perfection, a life of quality, manageability, and a certain grace. □

HOTELS

If you stay at the Caledonian, the George (ask for the new wing), the North British, or the Roxburghe Hotel, the city's four best (rates from about \$12 for a single to about \$36 for a double), you rarely need a taxi to get anywhere. If you prefer the leisurely atmosphere of a seventeenth-century manor house, and are willing to forgo a private bath, go to Prestonfield House Hotel, about ten minutes' drive from the city's center.

Surrounded by twenty-three acres of its own grounds, it has a marvelous dining room and five handsome bedrooms. Benjamin Franklin was a guest in 1759, and Boswell came with Dr. Johnson in 1773. Rates now: about \$22 for a single, \$35 for a double, with breakfast.

—F.K.

LIFE & LETTERS

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER : CURTAIN SPEECH

by Edward Weeks

People write book reviews because they like books and like money. That was my incentive when I did my first assignment for *The Atlantic* in 1926: *Country People*, a lugubrious novel by Ruth Suckow which, despite the trumpeting of Henry Mencken, I did not enjoy. Rather timorous as a beginner, I asked for war books, feeling that my two years in the French army gave me a solid basis for judging them. But *No More Parades* by the English novelist Ford Madox Ford, which came my way, seemed to me altogether synthetic; the author simply did not know what men went through at the Front. (It relieved me when Robert Graves demolished the book with more authority for the same reasons.) I was much more impressed by Erich Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, although it surprised me that the best war novel should have come from a defeated people (editing had not yet taught me that novelists, especially young ones, write more acutely about defeat than victory).

I would write my first copy regardless of space and then cut, beginning with the superlatives if it was a book I liked. Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale was then at the height of his popularity as a book reviewer, and generously responded to publishers who requested an advance comment on a forthcoming book in words such as: "John Galsworthy has achieved the very plentitude of his powers." Well, maybe he had, but I could

not talk that way, even though such puffs were immediately reproduced on the book jacket. I preferred to work into my reviews short bright passages from the book itself, and as I read I made note of them in the blank pages at the back of the bound proof sheets from which a reviewer does his work.

One gains confidence as one goes along, and it heartened me when I had a nodding or closer acquaintance with authors who were my contemporaries. My pleasure in Ogden Nash's verses was certainly abetted by having played poker with him at a booksellers' convention. I had persuaded Bob Benchley to deliver "The Treasurer's Report" to a Boston audience, and was appalled, as he was, by the mixed response to it and its companion piece, "The Sex Life of the Polyp." I snorted over Dorothy Parker's *Laments for the Living*, and although I did not know either of the authors, I thought Clarence Day's *God and My Father* and James Thurber's *My Life and Hard Times* were sheer heaven. As one looks back it is amusing to remember that those blithe books were all published in the early years of the Depression.

When I assumed the editorship of this magazine in 1938, I experimented with a single column of brief reviews over my signature. Up until that time, the editor's name appeared in print in the magazine only once a year, as required by law. I broke that precedent because we needed subscriptions and I

wanted trial readers to see the new man they were dealing with. Four years later we enlarged the magazine and I enlarged my column, prefacing my reviews with a few personal paragraphs, under the title "First Person Singular." I did my reading at home, on trains, and in the air, for I was traveling about 25,000 miles a year, scouting for material and lecturing at clubs and campuses far from Boston. This brought my column a better title. Bennett Cerf, on a speaking trip in New England, stopped off to see me at 8 Arlington Street and was told I was away lecturing. "You tell Mr. Weeks for me," he said to our receptionist, "that if he wasn't so damned peripatetic he would be a better editor."

That was thirty-five years ago. In that span I have sent back copy from many whistle-stops, cabled it from London, did not try to write it during my summer weeks in Moscow, and had it suppressed in Belgrade. Of the 420 consecutive issues, I failed to appear in five, testament to an inexhaustible love for books and patient eyes. "The more books we read," wrote Cyril Connolly, "the sooner we perceive that the true function of a writer is to produce a masterpiece and that no other task is of any consequence." When book reviewing is a task, a drudgery, a deadline hard to meet, back of it stands that truth in which the reviewer shares.

There was a time when a front-page appreciation in the Sunday

edition of the *New York Times Book Review* would sell a thousand more copies than a briefer notation within, and when the ecstatic praise of Alexander Woollcott, "The Town Crier," could put a book on the best-seller list, as it did when he went "quietly mad" over a neglected novel, *Lost Horizon*, by James Hilton.

The changes that have overtaken us since World War II have reduced the influence of any single voice, but among the reviewers who moved up into the elect circle of critics I would place Cyril Connolly and Raymond Mortimer of London; and at home, Edmund Wilson, who was impatient and envious in his reviews of fiction, but profound as a critic; Clifton Fadiman in his great years on *The New Yorker*, when annually he would acknowledge the books which he had under- or over-praised; and Louise Bogan on poetry.

One no longer believes the advertisements of new books: blurbs, like the commercials on TV, are a tone louder than one is willing to hear. Today the feud between the professional writer and the professional academic, who has always meant to write the book he is reviewing, is so sharp it breaks the skin. Few can surpass an assistant professor in condescension. "You know," said one of them to Catherine Drinker Bowen, "one of these days I'm going to take time off and write a popular book."

There have often been literary Establishments of those with similar tastes and backgrounds who touted each other's work and disparaged that of the outsider. The Yankee Establishment in Concord had no use for Walt Whitman, disapproved of Poe, and shed no tears over Melville's decline. Concord has long since been replaced by Manhattan, where the literary Establishment takes very good care of its own. But as tastes change, Establishments change.

I wrote in December of 1938, "We have lost our imagination for reading because for eighteen years we have been asked to swallow grimmer and grimmer doses of realism. Realism unquestionably imparted fresh strength to American writing. But it went to extremes, and in time packed so much violence, misery, and brutality into print that it soured our minds."

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Ward and Nadine Gordimer; and the irrepressible gaiety of Ludwig Bemelmans. (After my review of one of his books, he sent me a watercolor he had painted of "21" inscribed on the back, "Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.") Take reassurance that such good writing still goes on, as witness the publication this June of Peter Matthiessen's novel *Far Tortuga*.

As I make my bow, I am reminded of one of the dearest of old men in American letters, Mark Anthony De Wolfe Howe. In his nineties, when his eyesight had faded, he subscribed to Talking Books, and as I dropped by to see him in his apartment on Louisburg Square, he was listening to Trollope. "You know, Ted," he said, "if this goes on I'll end up being well read."

WITCHES AND WITCH-HUNTS

by Elizabeth Janeway

A number of serious studies of witchcraft and witch-hunting have appeared in the last few years. British historians have been especially active in the field. Keith Thomas and H. R. Trevor-Roper, for example, have considered in some detail the Grandmama of all witch-hunts, the one that swept through Europe in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, and touched down at Salem as it drew to a close. Now Professor Norman Cohn, of England's University of Sussex, has written a documented and highly readable survey of the evolving social forces which produced these three centuries of murderous witch craze, when tens of thousands of victims were tortured in the name of religious zeal.

EUROPE'S INNER DEMONS (Basic Books, \$12.50) is not Dr. Cohn's first exploration of deviant counter-cultures of the Middle Ages. In *The Pursuit of the Millenium*, which over the past twenty years has achieved the position of a classic, Cohn investigated the appearance and development of those End-of-the-World sects that sprang up in northern Europe in the shadow of the high culture of the twelfth century and after. In this new book, Cohn

discusses the further reaches of aberrant reactions to medieval orthodoxy; but not simply as aberrations.

For the witch craze was invented and given its form, Cohn believes, by orthodoxy itself. Medieval culture, that is, constructed its own opponent counterculture as a scapegoat and handy whipping boy for its own errors and failures. This was largely an unconscious process, but when it had gone far enough, the Establishment looked, like Frankenstein, at its own creation and beheld a monster. Terrified of the demons it had dreamed up, it attacked them in paranoid panic as a hideous conspiracy of Satan himself.

The materials that went to make up the nightmare myth of a witch conspiracy were not new. They had been floating about for centuries, and were attached from time to time to any unpopular group. Rumors of incestuous orgies, ritual child murder followed by cannibalism, and worship of a god who bore an animal form had been trotted out and pinned on the Jews by some Romans, on early Christians by other Romans, and on various heretical sects by later Christians. It took a while, however, before they were applied to witches.

Perhaps this is because the idea that witches exist is so common. Anthropologists note it round the world. The early Middle Ages believed in witches, so had classical antiquity, but what they believed was rather humdrum. Witches operated by occult means, it's true, but at low voltage. The technique of ill-wishing was used to afflict an enemy or his livestock with illness, to raise a storm that would damage his crops, or to render a faithless lover impotent. The Church didn't approve of such goings-on, but it wasn't in a panic over them. The basis of its dislike was that ill-wishing one's neighbors implied an appeal to occult powers outside the Church, and smelled of a relapse toward paganism. The thought that such an appeal might work challenged the Church's control of supernatural power and it therefore played the practice down as superstition.

Up to roughly the year 1000, Cohn suggests, the Western Church and the civilization which it structured and expressed had little occasion for self-doubt. The Moslems had been thrown back beyond the Pyrenees, the pagans to the north and east were progressively accepting the new faith, and the subtle heresies that beset the Byzantine Empire found little fertile ground in the West. But with the consolidation of its position, the Church found itself facing challenges from, so to speak, the Left: at any rate, from the pious and scrupulous. At Orléans in 1022, a group of learned and devout men and women, canons of the church, nuns, and aristocratic laypeople, were brought to trial for questioning both dogma and practice. They wanted to purify and simplify the Church and reform the life of clergy and laity.

Now, the Church was not simply the religious but also the intellectual Establishment of its time. To dispute any part of its system of belief was to attack it all. Those who deplored laxity and luxury on the part of the clergy, for instance, might all too easily be accused of attacking the legitimate order of society. Those who wished to reform it were accused of wishing to destroy it. Those who joined together for any purpose, but especially for any spiritual purpose, were denounced for challenging the One True Faith.

The intellectual Establishment perceived itself as being surrounded by enemies and persecutors. It proceeded to persecute *them*.

By the thirteenth century it had a new judicial procedure at hand for its defense. Earlier on, most lawsuits had been brought by individuals in rather the way that civil suits are today. The plaintiff laid his charge and was expected to sustain it. The process was essentially accusatory, fought out between the two parties involved.

In 1231, a papal bull authorized a different procedure in cases where heresy was charged. The authorities were to take over the inquiry, which could not go against the accused unless he confessed. "How civilized!" one might say; but the use of torture to procure confession was permitted. What we have arrived at is the Inquisition.

But we haven't quite arrived at the witch craze. Heretical sects and such closed secret societies as the Templars, which frightened the Church by demonstrating an autonomous structure of power or of independent thought, could be accused of conspiracy. But witches and warlocks were small-time, self-employed entrepreneurs; at the most they were family businesses. The "*maleficium*" they worked was directed at neighbors in the village, not against the authorities. It was not their ill-wishing which finally put them at risk; that happened because the ruling power structure scared itself into a state where witches began to be thought of as conspirators, as a cult with fixed meetings where the Devil was worshipped. Instead of merely calling on heterodox sources of power, they had entered into a pact with Satan and become his minions.

This transformation of your run-of-the-mill agree-bestower into an agent of evil was not simple. Cohn's exposition of the social and psychological forces involved is illuminating—and disturbing. Our contemporary idea of a witch-hunt, which is generally based on the well-remembered activities of Joe McCarthy, goes astray. We tend to see it as constructed by conscious policy for individually selfish ends. Ambitious men, greedy for power, discredit their opponents by associating them with some recognized, pre-existent

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menace. If this were true, the witch-hunters would be acting rationally, if immorally, and should be reachable by reason, if only by money-reason. They could be bought off. That idea is the basis of all appeasement policy, and it is the reason for its frequent failure. For witch-hunters are not just manipulating popular fears, they share them. When "dealing" works, we're in a political area. Both sides stand on some common ground of reality even though they disagree. But if that common ground splits and shatters, there's no use trying to deal. The sense of a shared reality and a comprehensible causality is gone.

At the start of his book, Dr. Cohn remarks that his topic proved to be wider than he had thought. In fact, he's writing not just about witch-hunts but about delusionary thinking and the power such thinking can exercise over the minds of the great and learned as well as the simple. When things go wrong within a society, as Arnold Toynbee pointed out long ago, that society starts to lose confidence in itself. If actions don't produce expected results, those who undertake them begin to doubt the old laws of cause and effect. Challenges from without can be fought off, but how does one deal with one's own growing distrust of traditional explanations? One attempts to incorporate the anomalies into the theory, making whatever small adjustments are necessary. Ptolemaic astronomy preserved itself by introducing epicycle upon epicycle to explain the wandering planets. The medieval structure of thought preserved itself by attributing its misfortunes to demons.

The Middle Ages didn't invent demons; everyone knew they existed, just as angels did. But at some time in the twelfth or thirteenth century they, like heretics, began to proliferate. A swarm was said to attach itself to every human soul, tempting it to vice and distracting it from all that was holy. Compendia were written to warn the faithful against diabolic intrusion: seduction, possession, lustful dreams, cold hands, fits of the yawns, flatulence, and untimely naps. By this time, writes Cohn, "demons have come to represent desires which individual Christians

have but which they dare not acknowledge"; irruptions from the id. But they did more than represent such desires, they explained them. In a world that was becoming unpredictable, uncontrollable, demonolatry provided a new causality. One's faults could be attributed to this outside force, and one's guilt removed.

All very well. But if one attributes to demons the power to make things go wrong and things do go wrong, the power of the demons will appear to grow. They had become omnipresent, now they seemed on the way to becoming omnipotent. At first ritual gestures, like the sign of the cross, held them off, or increased prayer and strict devotion armored the soul. But if the demons did not flee, if lustful dreams and cold hands and unexpected events continued, new countermeasures were needed. How could the demons be reached and made to desist? Why, by means of those evil humans who had entered into an antihuman conspiracy with them, and that meant the witches. Slovenly old Meg, looking askance at her neighbors, was promoted from village nuisance to enemy of society.

Cohn tells us, and serious historians agree, that the old peasant accusations of *maleficium* had never alleged the elements of conspiracy, of devil-worship and pacts, Sabbat gatherings, ritual murder, and incestuous orgies. It was organized, frightened society looking for a scapegoat that produced an organized, frightening enemy. Intellectually the process was convincing. Since what was known about a witch cult was what the Inquisitors racked out of accused witches, it agreed with itself in a most impressive way. If one witch came up with a new wrinkle, the next was sure to be asked about it, and to confirm it for the same reason she had confessed in the first place. (Increasingly it was a she.) Had she rubbed a stool with black-magical ointment and taken off by air to meet with her neighbors and worship a huge toad? Yes. Had she kissed the creature on arrival? Yes. Had she had intercourse with the Devil? Yes, and it was extremely unpleasant since his member was ice-cold. Had she murdered chil-

dren? Yes indeed, including her own. And so on and so forth.

By the end of the fourteenth century, that cycle of catastrophe (Templars' Trial, kidnapping of the Papacy, Great Schism, Black Plague, Hundred Years' War, peasant risings, Turkish invasion), the stereotype was complete. In the 1390s two women were burned in Milan for joining a demon-worshipping cult; one of them had had intercourse (she said) with a creature named Lucifels. It was another hundred years before the handbook of witch-hunters, *Malleus Maleficarum* or *The Hammer of Witches*, appeared, and still another before the full tide of the witch craze swept across Europe, but the image of the witch conspirator had been drawn and the social implement for making her bear testimony against herself had been proved. Henceforth the powerful could point to a reason for the recurrent difficulties of life, for bad crops, the disasters of war, for illness, misery, and early death. Power could name its enemies and at once discredit them by showing, out of their own mouths, that they were agents of Satan.

On the face of it, this might seem advantageous for the powerful, inasmuch as any opposition could be smeared with the taint of demonism. Moreover, this "bent" causality could be used to direct the anger and discontent of the common folk away from those in charge. It was a mighty weapon; but we would go wrong, I think, if we assumed that it was one the powerful enjoyed using. They too were terrified. Were they not engaged in battle with superhuman powers of darkness? The special horror of the witch craze was that it was created not by greed and trickery, but by a paranoia which dehumanized one's enemies, a paranoia that spread through the central structure of society and became epidemic. It was a disorder not of politics but of philosophy.

Can that happen again? Does the current tide of interest in the occult portend the onset of that sleep of reason in which monsters are born? It's hard to discuss this question without appearing to take seriously what is intellectually ridiculous. But though the content of present-day occultism is certainly ridiculous, the extraordinary range and the rank,

continuing growth of these phenomena suggest that there's something going on we should pay attention to.

A cursory glance at the popular press turns up an embarrassment of examples. Round the corner from where I was born on respectable Brooklyn Heights, for example, there's a dealer in magic and spells who boasts of supplying hundreds of witch covens with the materials and implements they require for their sacramental rites. Naturally he ships to dear old loopy Los Angeles, but he also has clients in Middle-American St. Louis and Cincinnati. A lecturer at Notre Dame, discussing the literary topic of "Witchcraft in Shakespeare," was thanked by a young listener "for taking us witches seriously." The 1970 graduating class at Berkeley included the world's first B.A. in magical studies—except, I suppose, for Faust. Courses are now being offered at accredited institutions on Satanism (in Boston), vampirism (in San Francisco), and witchcraft (in Wisconsin). On the nonfiction best-seller list for six months, and leading it as I write, is a volume advancing the idea that a large area of the Atlantic Ocean is hexed by supernatural forces. Some of us sing to our plants, some of us photograph auras. More people turned out to see a movie in which the Devil was exorcised from the body of a tormented child than usually go to church; and some churchmen said they thought that this was a good way to attract religious dropouts back to the faith of their fathers.

The Air Force spent months and millions investigating reports of Unidentified Flying Objects, and the public credulity which instigated the inquiry was not for one moment appeased by negative official findings. ESP and telepathy, psychic energy which acts on material objects apparently without using material means, the recollection of incidents from earlier lives—reports of all these activities generate litters of guests for late-night talk shows. All we are missing at the moment are a rain of frogs and the telekinesis of some astonished peasant from Novosibirsk to Madison Square Garden, and it's entirely possible that these events will transpire before my words see print.

Does this matter? Isn't it simply up-to-date evidence of that eternal human desire to be fooled which filled the pockets of P. T. Barnum and supplied H. L. Mencken with matter for columns of amusing copy? I want, with Cohn's book as my text, to consider why it might matter. For what we are witnessing today is not just superstition, but a strong growth in delusory thinking, delusions that are being chosen by an awful lot of people in preference to standard, orthodox explanations of cause and effect in the world around us. This suggests that traditional patterns of causality are felt to be insufficient. They are. For example, it's clear that the actual scientific and technological working of our society isn't understood by most of its members, and that they aren't interested in understanding it. Jacob Bronowski remarked on this with sorrow at the end of the television series in which he did his Herculean and charismatic best to enlighten us about just this scientific basis of social reality. "I am infinitely saddened," he said, "to find myself suddenly surrounded . . . by a sense of terrible loss of nerve, a retreat into . . . Zen Buddhism; into falsely profound questions about Are we not just animals at bottom; into ESP and mystery. . . . We are a scientific civilization: that means, a civilization in which knowledge and its integrity are crucial."

Bronowski was not declaring that

scientific knowledge is complete. A wilderness of unexplained events lies about us, pointing to unused energies. For all we know, our grandchildren will gossip with each other by ESP as easily as we do by that unknown-to-our-ancestors instrument, the telephone; an instrument whose workings are, incidentally, incomprehensible to most of us who use it. The body of knowledge changes but, as Bronowski said, its integrity must remain: the sense that a fact is testable, a hypothesis capable of being sustained or disproved on exact grounds which can be replicated in different laboratories by different individuals at different times. It is this integrity which guarantees our shared reality, our common understanding of cause and effect—and it is failing. Said Herman Slater, proprietor of The Warlock Shop on Brooklyn Heights, "When you buy an airplane ticket, you're putting faith in someone's power to fly you somewhere. Why shouldn't a love-philter give you the confidence that you're going to get where you want with your love object?"

Mr. Slater is obviously the victim of a confusion about what goes on inside his head and what goes on outside. And he isn't the only one. Now, it may be that Western science has not paid enough attention to the inside of our heads, that is, to the emotional and relational context of human life. Cohn suggests that the rigorous demands of



medieval Christianity may also have been too difficult for the average man, just as scientific knowledge as it is communicated or not communicated today is too difficult.

Of course the experts know how to fix things when they go wrong, how to repeat the experiments that told us DNA is structured in a double helix, or that muons and pions peel off from the nucleus in different directions. (If they don't, please write.) But experts hesitate to talk to the laity. What they know is so complex, the laity is so ignorant! So the split grows, as it was already doing when C. P. Snow bemoaned the lack of communication between The Two Cultures. The experts get more expert, the laity becomes more dependent on them as it becomes less capable of valuing their work.

The human psyche needs explanations. Children ask Why? as soon as they know what the word means. Explanations tell us how to behave, how things connect, what to expect. If the experts can't elucidate their explanation to our satisfaction, we look for another. Cohn shows us how swarms of demons and evil-working witches "explained" the misfortunes of earlier times. These were false causalities. They didn't work. But—as Cohn also shows—they were *not therefore abandoned*. Let us not, consequently, suppose that contemporary occultism will be abandoned because it is false and doesn't work. On the contrary, it may grow, as the witch craze grew. Its prevalence has increased, its power may also, just as did the power attributed to demons and their witch agents, for if occult practices are held (inside our heads) to explain and direct events in the external world, if they can be seen as the cause of misfortune and misfortune happens, then many of us will "know" that occult practices are powerful. We will fear them. We will try appeasement and it will fail. We will project our fears onto the world outside our heads, looking for scapegoats to focus on, constructing enemies lists. Surely our recent history makes it hard to deny that power and paranoia can exist together. Power and paranoia, in combination, produced the great witch-hunt.

What can protect us from such a grotesque potentiality? Not reason

alone, for reason can't answer emotional needs. The great witch-hunt was not a phenomenon of the Dark Ages; it coincided with Renaissance, Reformation, the age of discovery, the birth of the Royal Society, the bursting energy of a rising middle class—with the founding of modern times. Protection has to be sought, rather, in a shared understanding of the workings of the world outside our heads. When that once more prevailed, the witch-hunt ended. So, though it's a mistake, I think, to

condemn the rise of occultism in our society as evil, or even as merely silly, it is not wrong to see it as a symptom of possible irrationality which can breed evil. It can do that if it splits us off from each other and permits some of us to devalue others until they become not merely subhuman, but so alien to us that we feel no connection at all.

Modern technological society is no more immune to that disease than were our superstitious forebears.

CULTURE WATCH

by Benjamin DeMott

Are nicknames finished? I remember living somewhat enviously in a world of Billies, Bobbies, Howies, and other affectionate diminutives as a boy. (In my particular WASPville, "Benny" never had a run.) But for some time now great swarms of folk have been introducing themselves as Richard, Christopher, Nathaniel . . . young mothers seem to like being full and distant with their tads . . . and among strangers at meetings, I've noticed a reluctance, even upon solicitation, to strip down my handle to Ben. I know how it feels to be on the receiving end when, offering you his first name, somebody proposes you say William, not Bill. (It feels the same as being told you need to adjust your clothing.) But I'm less certain about exactly what Wholenamers are trying to tell themselves through these manners. After great pain, a formal feeling comes: Is the pain the reign of old-style Rotary bonhomie, excessive heartiness, instant palmsmanship? ("Hi! I'm _____," as convention nametags used to read.) Are mothers and fathers who rule out nicknames for their wee ones simply expressing a hope that the kid'll clear out soon, no need for lengthy nurturing, practically a voter at birth?

My theory, tentatively held, is that the end of the nickname is the latest symptom of the latest plague—i.e., rampant self-importance, rampant self-love. Every man his own inviolable Somebody, zipped, locked, professionally rever-

ent in his address to himself. But who can be sure? Nothing is certain except that the trend isn't regional, some hard-nosed Yankee thing. I was provoked into these broodings the other day in a steamboat-restaurant called the River Queen, hove to at a Portland, Oregon, dock. Clubbable, into a second drink, I asked the (younger) chap opposite me at the table please to cut out Benjamin, and at once—no answering grin—I was set straight: "Nathan, if you don't mind," the youngster murmured, "I can't stand Nat."

* * *

Self-importance obtrudes occasionally in H. Bruce Franklin's *BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM* (Harper's Magazine Press, \$7.95), a "political autobiography" by the self-styled communist revolutionary who was sacked as a Stanford prof in 1971 for a speech inciting "disruption of University functions." But it's not Ego that's made the book a troubling read for me. The author begins with an explanation of Stanford's place in the military-industrial complex, a survey of public events preceding the behavior that turned this teacher's colleagues against him, and an account of the "special [roles] in the preservation of the empire" played by the individual members of the select university advisory board that voted to dismiss him. Next come chapters about childhood in Flatbush, schooling (P.S. 99, Brooklyn

Friends, Amherst), summer jobs, marriage, a hitch as a navigator in an air refueling wing of the Strategic Air Command, graduate school, academic success, first gestures of protest against the system. The pivotal period in the author's political education was 1966, when he and his wife shepherded a Stanford-in-France group, attended Communist party rallies addressed by, among others, peasant speakers from the north of Vietnam, and demonstrated in the Paris streets against the war and the United States. (The Paris chapter is the most interesting in the book.) In its closing pages, *Back Where You Came From* attempts to read the present mood of America, totting up 130 million citizens currently at the edge of revolution, likening their state of mind to that of the peasants Mao knew were stirring in the twenties.

I'm skeptical—but the problem that matters most is the unrelenting coherence of Bruce Franklin's imagined world. Few hints of randomness in these chapters, no puzzles, no inexpressibles, no episodes of malignity or benignity minus malice; instead, a world of reasons, a place where everything adds up. "David Packard . . . gave \$2.6 million to Stanford two days after I was fired." Brooks and Ransom and Tate laid on the New Criticism as "a conscious counterattack on rising proletarian culture," aiming to "blind us to social and moral reality." Sociology and psychiatry were devised as bourgeois plots against nonconformists. Empson diddled with ambiguity, Ciano enjoyed the "beautiful" bombs he dropped, General Dynamics fattens its profits, all for the same reason, nowhere a loose end.

Coherence on this scale usually comes at a price, and it's quite dear here. Twenty years ago—sorry about the personal reminiscence, but it's unavoidable—I used to see Bruce Franklin once or twice a week, as his tutor; he came by to chat about an undergraduate honors thesis. The project we worked on—comparisons of G. B. Shaw on class issues with proletarian playwrights of the thirties—looks "outlandish" to him now (he could easily be right: I was in my twenties at the time, still finding my way as a teacher); we

shouldn't have come out, he says, admiring Shaw's complexity and putting down the proles. But the comparisons had to come out that way, Bruce thinks, because of the class structure of our particular tutor-tutee relationship. What we had going in my office those many years ago was, it seems, a social allegory, wherein I was Higgins to his Eliza. This takes some doing. Fact says Bruce was in some sense a preppie, a full-time college boy Frisbeeing in the quadrangle sunlight, a member-to-be of the officer classes, while I was one of your high school Harrys, an enlisted man, a worked-his-way-through-night-school type. Fact says Bruce visited me and my wife at home with his wife and babe, caught us making do in a collapsing house without indoor plumbing. Fact says Bruce's Christmas cards and notes about promotions, articles accepted, books in progress, always communicated (in those days) awareness that his old tutor knew academic poverty and debt from inside. But not a whiff of this breathes in the book. I become a wellborn elegant gent.

there's only one Jude the Obscure in the room, and coherence and simplicity are undisturbed.

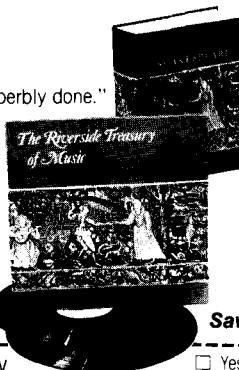
A mythy work, in short: conspiracy never ravel's out into honorable confusion and contradiction because the mythmaker, no Pynchon, can't let it happen. Everything everywhere dovetails . . . Next up for the author of *Back Where You Came From* is a treatise on writers in prison, supported by a handsome, just-announced Rockefeller Humanities grant. I've heard people who've seen the proposal—John Knowles, the foundation's head, among them—comment enthusiastically in public about its promise. Listening, I thought of the bit in the Matthew Arnold poem that says you're growing old when you "hear the world applaud the hollow ghost/ Which blamed the living man." Bruce Franklin is a youngster still, no hollow ghost, and there's an element of fresh start in the present project and in the life. Good luck to both.

* * *

Whole Truth Award: to David Riesman, for a discussion of college

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and sports that grows ever more inclusive, complex, and amusing, until at length it wins its way through to here: "I am inclined to think that the antijock hostility at Harvard . . . reflects the fact that many faculty members and quite a few bright students suffered in their school . . . days from envy of the star athlete and his prowess with women, perhaps from a sense of their own inferiority by old-fashioned definitions of competitive masculinity." There are a dozen chapters of unassumingly penetrating comment on university life in *EDUCATION AND POLITICS AT HARVARD* (McGraw-Hill, \$15.95; co-author is Seymour Martin Lipset).

* * *

Correcting galley proof on the phone recently for an article not for this journal, I had a bumpy moment with an editor. The piece was a report on a conference about schools and society, and the bump came as I started complaining about the insertion in my copy, by the editors, of a snippet of *Timestyle*. The sentence I'd written began,



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"Leonard Michaels, a writer and an intelligent man . . ." The galley proof mailed to me by the magazine read differently: "Writer Leonard Michaels, an intelligent man . . ."

"Read us again what you've got in the galley," said the editor. He listened and then interrupted: "What's going on?" he said. "That's not what I've got." He proceeded to read another set of words altogether. "Writer Leonard Michaels, a handsome and intelligent man . . ." My turn. "What?" said I. "That's not mine. I never wrote that."

Sound of papers shuffling, and then came a chortle: "My God, it's the Sabotage," the editor said, laughing louder. "Don't you get it? Go back a page. See where you have June Wilson? You say, 'June Wilson, a beautiful . . . and articulate Manhattan matron—' They hit you, that's all, the libbies in the office. They do it all the time now. They rewrite. One sexist remark deserves another. If she's beautiful, he's handsome. (More laughter.) Aren't you kinda ashamed?"

* * *

Two years ago, aiming to best the *Today* show, CBS teamed a young newspaperwoman named Sally Quinn with Hughes Rudd on its morning news program. Ms. Quinn, who quit the job after eight months, tells why it didn't work in *WE'RE GOING TO MAKE YOU A STAR* (Simon and Schuster, \$7.95). In theory, the tale ought to be harrowing: upper management promoted this anchorperson as a killer-lady sex-bomb, taught her nothing about how to master her new trade, permitted middle-management thugs to shake her down in sexual bargaining as failure grew more evident. (According to Ms. Quinn, one producer was especially aggressive. "We're going to make you a star," she quotes him as saying, as he volunteered to choose her on-camera clothes and eyeglasses. Immediately thereafter, by her account, he began relentlessly propositioning her.) The evidence is overwhelming that few branches of show biz rate with telly in density of rascals and cowards.

But, appalling as some details are, the effect of Ms. Quinn's chronicle of disaster is to concentrate the mind not on beastliness but rather

on human resilience—the power of intelligence and unillusioned inner balance to stand off the meanest, cheesiest beleaguerer. Our heroine has a fault or two, to be sure, as she herself is aware—a touch of Army brat Smith girl posh, a share of the general appetite for quick fame, a tendency when wounded to slide off into fantasy (when Dick Cavett asked to come on her program to plug the Hepburn interview, "I started talking about him a lot, 'Dick and I' this and 'Dick and I' that, so everyone would understand that I had important friends"). But at her core she's a brainy, forthright woman who, alone in a maelstrom, hung on to her wits and humor, and eventually made it to shore.

The key lesson for the victim appears uncomplicated: a decent night's sleep is an undervalued thing. A key pleasure for the lay reader is the sight of underlings resisting the pretensions of the mighty. (It's somehow heartening to know that among CBS commoners, the network's London correspondent is spoken of as the Duke of Collingwood.) A key point for literit is the persistence of old-time forms. The *Washington Post*, for which Ms. Quinn yearned, may not qualify as the Heavenly City, and books like *We're Going To Make You a Star* probably weren't invented for the purpose of replacing sermons. But what we have here is, undoubtedly, a morality play, temptation duelled and licked in the wasteland. I watched Ms. Quinn negotiate the Slough of Despond with more than a few tremors of dread, and was downright delighted by her escape.

* * *

Interviews with the stony mum and dad of the groom in a Royal Wedding . . . airplane crash . . . story about Vatican plans for combating porn flicks in Madrid . . . chat with the new seven-foot basketball millionaire . . . Remorseless Experimental Revelations of a loony, rich, California household called the Louds. . . Suppose you decided to take arms against this TV assault on ordinariness, these news-show-documentary-shoot-'em-up profiles of the world as Celebrities and Gunshot Wounds. How would you make your move?

First (I should argue) you'd locate the contemporary film-makers—among the best are Richard Leacock and the Frederick Wiseman of *High School*, but there are dozens of talented others—who've shown how dailiness, the “unscripted” thing itself, can be tactfully and artfully filmed, shaped, interpreted. Next, you'd gather together a crowd of foundation and media folk to view samples of this work, much of which has so far been screened only by and for friends of the artists. To this gathering you'd invite a literary historian to review the processes by which middle life made its way into stories and poems, in particular the nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century phases of the development, when books and writing mattered to mass audiences as film and TV matter now. (The processes in question are those that made it possible for literary men and women to write unashamedly and unsentimentally about, well, a sensitive, self-pitying father losing control while babysitting . . . an adventure-hungry boy breaking up with his girl . . . a wife asking her priest's permission to fantasize about the identity of her bed partner of thirty years . . . a suburban dog owner touched by his dying puppy's dutifulness in hauling himself to the newspaper to do his business . . .) You'd also ask in a psychologist of some sort to explain to the crowd why it's dangerous for a population never to see itself clearly, never to experience representations and reorderings of its concerns and activities in works of art (as opposed to formulaic soaps or upbeat family mags).

What else? Possibly you'd need a man or woman of passion to hold forth on the obligations of everyone present to stop nattering about “what the people want” and begin dwelling on the truth that we don't know what we want until we see what we're regularly offered. And finally, you'd need a suggestion box—a place for dropping off ideas about people of special interest. (I myself am keen at the moment to see a film artist follow a transfer student from a community college as he or she works at doping out the scene at, say, Williams or Wellesley . . . Also: an hour about a Girl Scout leader's preparations for a flying-up ceremony together with pieces of

the evening, including the singing of “Barges,” couldn't easily miss . . .)

At a meeting on another subject last month, media people present, I went on for a while as above, and when I arrived home I had a letter from a friend who's an independent, award-winning TV documentary producer:

Dear Ben:

I didn't have a chance to tell you Thursday—but the idea of a show about “dailiness” [my friend's spelling] is not new.

Along with ————, Jr. of ————, I own title to a show called ————. It has been making the rounds at the networks now for two years (unsuccessfully). It is a live-on-tape show, daytime in nature, and would focus on special events in the lives of ordinary citizens—marriages, graduations, births, deaths, survival under extraordinary circumstances (floods, hurricanes), the first experience of a child being present at the birth of an animal on a farm, etc. etc. etc. Our list of possible events goes on and on, and although we never used the word “dailiness” to describe it, it is a show about ordinary people, real people, in real life situations. If you are bending the ear of any potential advertisers or network TV people, we'd be delighted to hear about it. I must tell you that TV executives have not shown much interest in dailiness to this point, except if that dailiness can be controlled under soap opera conditions. And we are promising to do an honest show—no hokeyness, basically unscripted . . .

I have an anxiety about “basically” (why not wholly unscripted?). I'm nervous too about putting this enterprise in the hands of a single producer possessing a fixed (with respect, conventional) documentary style. The value of the mirror in the roadway resided in the variousness of the angles—Stendhal's, Joyce's, Hemingway's, majors, minors, jokers. . . . Shouldn't we be talking about a medium of expression for scores, maybe even hundreds, of new young workers in film? But all this is fussbudgetry: the sane response is, Roll 'Em. If anybody in the readership has a slice of guile about how to move my friend's idea off the shelf, jot it to me, please, and I'll see that he gets it quickly.

* * *

The good hi-fi is in my study and our current sophomore is home for the summer: hence we're again proprietors by propinquity of a smoking pop & rock collection. Nights when the sophomore plays ball or improves his mind at the flicks. I check out old favorites—at an obscenely meek (says youth) decibel level—and probe items new to me. (I'm hot for The Wailers lately, still regard the witty vocal sounds in Al Green's “Call Me” album as this artist's finest hour, and believe that, in “I'm In Love” and “Until You Come Back To Me,” Aretha Franklin is as variously splendid as she has been, in song, for ages.)

There is, as I admit, a mutability dimension to these pleasures. Summers end and, by experience, I know that after each passage through this musical cycle—learning in June to savor your youngster's latest stuff; making a joke toward Labor Day as it's packed back into the college-bound locker—the house seems stiller and emptier than before. (We're now into our third sophomore.) But I'm miles from a downer at the moment. The real owner of these records heads south in a week or two to visit his friend, and while he's gone there'll be shameless larking here—way-out, ludicrously uninhibited midnight sing-alongs (with Ray Charles), possibly some wild dancing as well.

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS:

Edward Weeks began reviewing for *The Atlantic* almost fifty years ago.

Elizabeth Janeway's most recent book is *Between Myth and Morning: Women Awakening*.

Benjamin DeMott is professor of English at Amherst College.

Phoebe Adams contributes regularly to these pages.

POETS IN THIS ISSUE

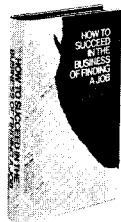
Greg Kuzma (page 40) is a Nebraska poet whose *What Friends Are For* was published last year.

Marge Piercy (page 50) is the author of a book of fiction, *Small Changes*, and a book of poetry, *To Be of Use*.

Jarold Ramsey (page 63) is on the English faculty at the University of Rochester and is the author of *Love In An Earthquake*.

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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

RAGTIME by E. L. Doctorow. Random House, \$8.95. Here is an exceptionally original and pleasurable novel. The author combines real and imaginary characters, confuses real and imaginary events, and out of this high-handed mix creates a tragicomic panorama of the ferment of one society in the early years of this century. The book is packed with intelligence and audacity.

THE ANNOTATED DRACULA by Bram Stoker. Introduction, notes, and bibliography by Leonard Wolf. Clarkson N. Potter, \$15.00. Professor Wolf has applied all the refinements of formal scholarship to Stoker as earnestly as though he were dealing with Shakespeare. While it is of some interest to learn that Stoker backed his fantastic tale with solid historical and geographical research, this is a small eddy in a project that scratches up a great deal of meaningless dust. It also scratches up a question: How often, regardless of the subject, is this sort of rooting after minutiae truly worthwhile? Maps, drawings, photographs, and decorations by Satty.

THE SURFACE OF EARTH by Reynolds Price. Atheneum, \$12.50. Mr. Price chronicles, for forty slow years, the affairs of a southern family addicted to uncomfortable marriages, interminably evasive conversations, and persistent misery. Since all these troubles appear to arise from the bad upbringing of one character, and since that upbringing precedes the events of the novel and is never described, the whole affair becomes unconvincing to the verge of absurdity, despite the author's skillful prose. The book has one distinction, however. It undoubtedly contains the largest number of deaths in childbirth ever packed into a single novel.

MADAME CATHERINE by Irene Mahoney. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$12.95. Thanks to the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre and lesser aberrations, the reputa-

tion of Catherine de Medici has rivaled that of the black widow spider. Her present biographer argues that the lady was not willfully mean, but rather an opportunist who took whatever course seemed, at the moment, most likely to support her single unwavering ambition. That was to keep her sons (a wretched crew, but their deficiencies cannot have been Catherine's choice) on the throne of France despite civil disorder, ambitious royal cousins, Spanish greed, and the irresponsible house of Lorraine. Ms. Mahoney's defense is that if Catherine was vacillating and cruel on occasion, her enemies were treacherous and consistently crueler. It is not a bad case.

BEHIND A MASK by Louisa May Alcott. Morrow, \$8.95. Before she finally hit the bull's-eye with *Little Women*, Louisa Alcott published a number of thrillers under a pseudonym. Madeleine Stern, with the help of Leona Rostenberg, has unearthed these gothic potboilers, and four are included in this volume. Ms. Stern's introduction is useful, reconstructing the history of the stories' publication and pointing out the testy feminist undercurrent which runs through all of them. What she does not point out is a bit of larceny by Miss Alcott. The heroine of *Behind a Mask* is Becky Sharp, triumphant. The stories, incidentally, are still readable.

SHIPWRECK by John Fowles, photography by the Gibsons of Scilly. Little, Brown, \$7.95. The Gibsons were early photographers with a tribal interest in wrecks, which have always been plentiful around the Scilly Isles and the Lizard. Their striking pictures of doomed ships run from 1872 to the present. Mr. Fowles's concise, graceful text is particularly interesting for a canny analysis of the reasons behind the enduring fascination of shipwrecks.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE by S. Schoenbaum. Oxford University Press, \$50.00. The subtitle of this handsome big book is "A Documentary Life," and it is accurate. Professor Schoenbaum, while occasionally reporting rumor or speculation, accepts as fact only what can be learned through surviving docu-

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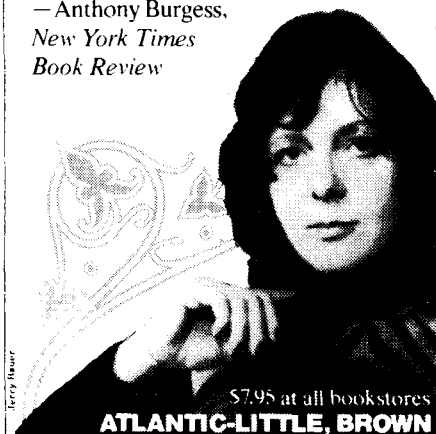
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Book Review



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ments (reproduced in facsimile), which proves to be quite enough to establish the career of a hard-working professional playwright. There is no attempt to deduce anything about Shakespeare from his plays or poems, for Prof. Schoenbaum appreciates the vagaries of the dramatic imagination, and refuses to take "the risk of confusing the dancer with the dance." A relief, after the recent fantasies of A. L. Rowse. Notes, index.

VOICES OF THE RAINBOW edited by Kenneth Rosen. Viking, \$8.95. The contemporary American Indian poets whose work Mr. Rosen has collected in this anthology come from many areas, and while there is a pervasive sense of loss and oppression in their poetry, there are also humor, whimsy, and a variety of styles. They speak with distinctive voices.

SLAMMER by Ben Greer. Atheneum, \$8.95. Mr. Greer's story of life in prison includes all the brutal absurdities made familiar by the newspapers, but it is no predictable documentary novel. The characters have life and variety. The build-up to riot moves like a good suspense story. This is a tough-minded, accomplished first novel.

SEE THE OLD LADY DECENTLY by B. S. Johnson. Viking, \$6.95. The late British author fused his mother's life and death into a lament for the glory and decline of his country, or intended to do so. He had completed only this first of three proposed volumes (the others were to be *Buried Although* and *Amongst Those Left Are You*) when he killed himself. Under the circumstances, the muddle of methods in the work—prose, verse, history, pseudo-history, and incoherent descriptions of colonial scenery—inevitably leads the reader to suspect incipient mental breakdown where the author claims the influence of Laurence Sterne. A strange book, sometimes moving, more often exasperating.

POWER WITH GRACE by Ishbel Ross. Putnam's, \$10.00. A biography of the second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson which tells a great deal about her hats but little about what went on under them.

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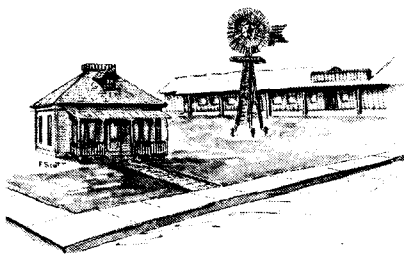
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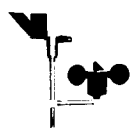
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